# Saturday Review

## of Literature

JUNE 19, 1948

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*Winston S. Churchill—"shunting from one to the other of the older political parties."* *(See page 7)*

# Twenty Years' Tangle

*Rebecca West Reviews Winston S. Churchill's "The Gathering Storm"*

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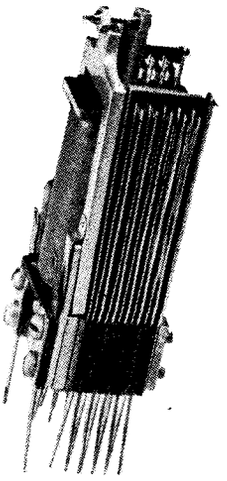

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# TRADE Winds

**TRADE WINDS'S** Washington correspondent arrived in New York last week and was immediately besieged for inside information on the forthcoming conventions. He whipped out a crystal ball, made several strange incantations, and announced, "It looks like Vandenberg on the fourth ballot, with Dewey reluctantly accepting the nomination for Vice President." A visitor from Minneapolis sniffed audibly, and said, "What does that fool crystal of yours show for the Democrats?" "Confusion and uncertainty," the correspondent replied in a sing-song voice. "I see a lot of Democratic local bosses huddling in that familiar smoke-filled hotel room. Now they're waylaying Truman. Now they've persuaded him to appear in person at the Convention and say, 'For the good of the country, I've decided not to run. I propose that General Eisenhower be nominated by acclamation.' Now the crowd has gone wild. It's a spontaneous demonstration. The fact that it lasts exactly one hour is a coincidence. Now they're notifying General Ike at Columbia that he's been chosen unanimously. What can he do? He accepts!"

At this point the skeptic from Minneapolis demanded, "Hey, where did you pick up that crystal ball anyhow?" The correspondent admitted, "In an opium den." . . .

Crystal balls always remind me of Whitney Darrow, Jr.'s wonderful drawing of the timid old lady consulting a seeress to learn her destiny. The seeress peers into the future and announces, "If my calculations are correct, you will soon be playing third base for the Detroit Tigers." . . .

**DOWN AT THE PLAYERS CLUB** they go in for skulls rather than crystal balls. If you catch a member in a mellow enough mood, you may even be shown a skull reputed to be the only mortal remains of a great English tragedian of two centuries ago. It was this tragedian's constant boast that he had played every role in 'Hamlet" but Poor Yorick. Then he died. After a state burial, his body was stolen by ghouls and sold to a surgeon, who in turn sold the skull to a Shakespearian repertory company. And thus it was that the tragedian appeared in the one role in "Hamlet" he never had played before. "Would you like to know the stars who have used that very skull?" asked my host. I answered firmly, "I would like to get out of this room and eat lunch." . . .

**TED WEEKS,** who began his literary career as a salesman in the wackiest days of Boni & Liveright, and then, reversing his field, achieved the editorship of the staid *Atlantic Monthly,* has added a weekly radio chat to his multitudinous chores. It is called "Editor at Home," and is broadcast by ABC every Sunday morning. It's a refreshing and completely adult program, particularly when it is devoted to the book world Weeks knows so well.

Recently, for instance, Ted advanced "Ten Informal Commandments" for editors that should be posted in every magazine publisher's office. Here they are: 1. The editor must love to read and must read quickly. 2. The editor owes it to the writer to give a decision as promptly as possible. (Weeks admits he sometimes breaks this rule himself, when borderline manuscripts split his brain trust.) 3. The editor must keep abreast of the news, but try not to run ahead of it. 4. The editor must pay on acceptance. 5. The editor must not pile up too big a backlog of unprinted manuscripts. (When Editor Ray Long quit his post as chief nabob of Hearst magazines in 1931, a million dollars' worth of copy, bought and paid for, but unrun, was found in the safe.) 6. The editor must never cease his search for new writers. 7. The editor must resist the temptation to over-edit his material. 8. The editor must remember he is not infallible. 9. The editor should know the USA, and travel as much as possible. (Weeks himself lectures from one end of the country to the other.) 10. The editor must control his personal prejudices and remember that the free circulation of ideas has made America great. . . .

**MGM HAS ABANDONED** its prize novel contest. The idea sounded fine on paper and gave story editors of rival studios conniption fits, but did not work out in practice. . . . Sidney Sanders, one of the ablest and fairest literary agents in America, died in Stamford. . . . Roger Linscott leaves the *New York Herald Tribune* book department on July 1 to join the *Berkshire Eagle* in Pittsfield. His column for the *Tribune* was a hit from the start. The line of applicants for his vacated post began forming at once, and is now overflowing into Broadway. . . . Fred Babcock, Nebraska's gift to the *Chicago Tribune,* has written his first novel, and Farrar, Straus will publish it in January 1949. It's a story of newspaper life.

"Well, what important decisions were reached in a smoke-filled room tonight?"



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Title: "Hang Up the Fiddle." . . . Sheed & Ward's peppery editress, Marigold Hunt, was happy when the firm moved to 830 Broadway. "I just love that address," she confided. "It sounds so early in the morning." . . . A bore button-holed Carl Van Doren in the Palmer House lobby, and told him a long, pointless story. "Did I ever tell you that one before?" he asked at its conclusion. "Often," Van Doren assured him. . . . In the forthcoming Warner production "Miss O'Brien" Joan Crawford plays a school teacher. When a pupil sails a paper airplane over her head, she says quietly, "Will the boy to whose airline that belongs please stand up." . . . The new president of the American Institute of Graphic Arts is Donald Klopfer. . . . Alfred Harcourt returns to active duty at Harcourt, Brace. . . .

**NORMAN MAILER'S FINE** war novel "The Naked and the Dead" (Rinehart) is enjoying the success it deserves, despite the carping of readers who find the language too outspoken for comfort. Critic Robert L. Perkin, in the *Rocky Mountain News,* effectively answered such critics, and incidentally sparked a flock of reorders from all parts of Colorado, with these pungent paragraphs:

> Veterans who returned also will recognize, probably with personal embarrassment, the language used by the GI's under General Cummings on Anopopei. Mailer (himself Leyte alum) writes GI as it is spoke. Mailer's book will be criticized for the language his soldiers use.
>
> GI talk is over-pungent, repetitious, and unimaginative in its expletives. But it is neither obscene nor blasphemous. And that is where the nicenelly critics of Mailer's book are going to botch the job when they screech.
>
> Army and Navy "cuss words"


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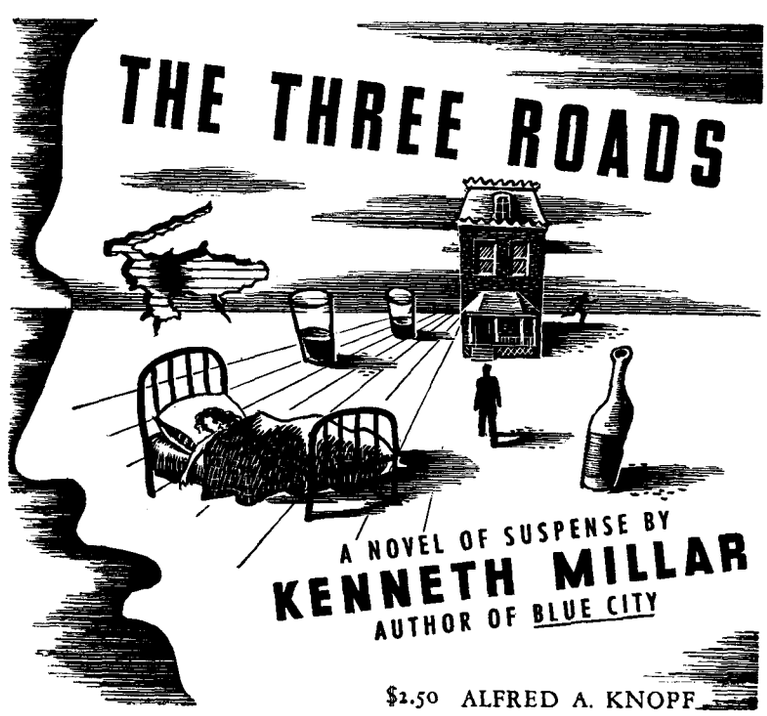


carry a heavy freight of emotion (normally disgust), and absolutely no meaning. Dictionary meanings of the individual words are as remote as Sanskrit from the mind of the cusser.

The GI, for instance, who lashes out with (to choose a mild one): "That goddam bastard!" is taking neither the Deity nor the parentage of his victim in vain. God has nothing whatever to do with "goddam," and if "bastard" means uncertain parentage, let the sonsabitchin' biologists hunt themselves into a new word.

The GI isn't blaspheming, nor, at the moment, being obscene. He is merely a man, as pure in heart as any, who is much put-upon, who has been handed society's most filthy job, and who is toweringly and continually browned-off about the whole affair.

There is obscenity in Mailer's book. It is in the mind and heart of General Cummings. Cummings is a brilliant man, a gifted tactician, sharp of wit and suave of manner, knows instinctively the words to use to keep his men thinking he is a right Joe. He's a scholar whose knowledge passes his understanding, and he is a Fascist by choice. He repeats, and believes, that war is man's natural state. He worships power, and his ambition already scales ahead to the day he sees when he will share the consolidated power of America with a few other conscienceless men like himself. His proposals for all other lesser men: "The role of the 20th Century man is anxiety." Mailer repeats the general's diagnosis several times, and at the end it becomes the dominating, continuing, unanswered question of the book. . . .

**A YOUNG MAN WAS** about to be sentenced for burglary. The judge stared hard at him, and asked, "Aren't you the son of Dr. Soandso, the famous educator?" "Yes," said the prisoner. "Your father was a great man," rumbled the judge. "I read his autobiography. Inspiring! And now you've disgraced him. I wonder if you even remember him!"

"I remember him all right," said the prisoner grimly. "Every time I went to him for counsel or companionship, he'd wave me aside and complain, 'Don't bother me. Can't you see I'm working on my book?' Well, he finished his book—and here I am."

BENNETT CERF.

SOLUTION OF LAST WEEK'S DOUBLE-CROSTIC (No. 742)

JACKIE ROBINSON:
*MY OWN STORY**

Long-buried prejudices and racial epithets subconsciously leap to the surface. I believe most of us are ashamed after such outbursts. . . . I'm certain they will happen less and less frequently in America —both in the ball park and outside.

*As told to Wendell Smith



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The Saturday Review of Literature

# Twenty Years' Tangle

REBECCA WEST

MR. CHURCHILL'S account* of the events leading up to the Second World War and its first awful year, which subjected us all to ordeal by stagnancy, is a puzzling book. It is clear as crystal about everything except the man who wrote it. That clarity, so far as it goes, is beyond price, and we must thank Heaven that when it decided to complicate earthly affairs it provided a chronicler with the vitality to cope with that complication. This is not to say that Mr. Churchill's writing always pleases. He is not nearly so good at the style which Sir Walter Scott called "the big bow-wow" as he thinks he is. His rhetorical passages seem, like the first English automobiles, to be preceded by a man carrying a red flag. But in his less flamboyant moods he is a master.

He is without match in his generation for his exquisitely feline portraits of his enemies. The spiritual essence of the late Earl Baldwin was described when he was but an infant by Bret Harte in the "Truthful James" poem about the Heathen Chinee; but to draw him as he was in his temporal circumstances has baffled his contemporaries. He was apparently both honest and a humbug, and nobody can figure out whether his honesty was a ruse adopted by his humbuggery, or whether he was so honest that he never saw when anybody, even himself, was being a humbug. And in a few urbane sentences Mr. Churchill suggests what the political game was like when he does a like job for Neville Chamberlain. But in the latter case he pulls his punches. It has evidently struck him that if a man is told that a number of persons living in a house are cripples, he may leap to the conclusion that that house is a home for cripples. Winston Churchill is the leader of the Tory Party, and he is not going to make it lose face altogether. So, though he gives Baldwin away entirely and frankly reveals Neville Chamberlain's incompetence at certain periods, he preserves certain reticences. An example occurs in connection with the visit to London of Henlein, the Nazi leader of the Sudeten Germans in Czechoslovakia, in 1937. He fails to say that Henlein came to London as the guest of an influential Tory family, who were most energetic in inviting guests to meet and be deluded by this organizer of revolt in a friendly country. Mr. Churchill may have been moved by his feeling, which is entirely correct, that the Tory family was inane rather than mischievous. All the same it is a slight falsification of history.

But apart from this partisan tenderness, Mr. Churchill has served history well. He has an unsurpassed gift for exegesis. This book can be recommended to everybody who wants to keep by them a handy record of what happened between the end of the First World War and the beginning of the Second. It lays out the tangled events of those twenty years so that the least instructed mind cannot fail to see that when Dollfuss, in hopeless hope to save his life, ran from side to side of the pit in which he was snared the bells of English and American churches should have tolled for their own dead. His literary gift enables him to describe a certain manifestation so odd, so out of the run of reasonable life, that it would defy a less accomplished pen: the intrusion of the barbarians cherished and chosen as emissaries by the Fascist powers, into the familiar world of ordinary manners and morals. The particular barbarian who astonished England was Ribbentrop. He knew how to dress according to the customs of Western man; but apparently all other customs except those relating to coats and pants and hats and shoes were beyond his comprehension. It was as if a robot had been appointed Ambassador to the Court of St. James. One had thought his most astonishing performance had been at Buckingham Palace, where he gave the Nazi salute so grotesquely that the King smiled kindly and the whole Court tittered. But Mr. Churchill relates with considerable art an even more extraordinary scene which

—*Illustrations by Low, from "The Lives of Winston Churchill."*

**Always a traditionalist, Minister of War Churchill was all for getting the British Army uniform back to where it was before the wars [1918].**

*THE GATHERING STORM: THE SECOND WORLD WAR. By Winston S. Churchill. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Co. 1948. 763 pp. $6.*



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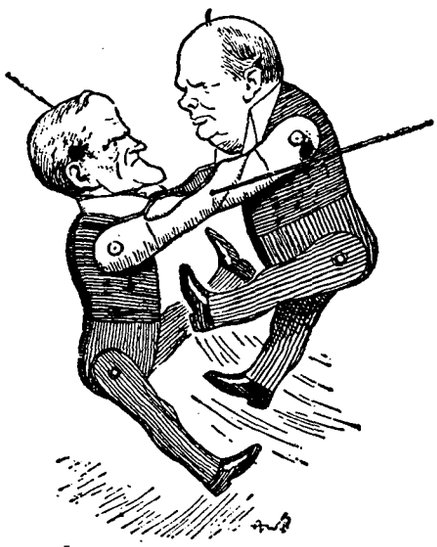
took place when Ribbentrop and his wife attended a lunch party with Neville Chamberlain during which news came of Hitler's invasion of Austria. The description is tartly amusing; but it also conveys the chill which it is reasonable to feel when one finds that a person with whom one is transacting an important matter accepts none of one's conventions and is therefore an incalculable quantity. Having shown how these ponderables and imponderables made a war, Mr. Churchill then takes on the task of teaching the general reader something of tactics and strategy; and in his chapter on Norway makes a job of it as prettily intricate as a well-composed fugue.

But the whole book is puzzling. When it tells the story of the world's progress to its second total war, it has to tell the story of Mr. Churchill's own life; and that propounds a mystery. He is the most able statesman of his time, and he foresaw the most dangerous threat to his time. Yet his political life has been a matter of shouting from one to the other of the older political parties. Finding security in neither, he was finally thrown out into the desert by the Tories for the best part of a decade during which he held no office at all, though these were the years preceding the war when his special naval and military knowledge should have marked him as indispensable to the Government. He was made Prime Minister only when Great Britain was in the extremest peril of death, and once he had averted that peril he was ejected from office. It is a tragedy; for humanity produces so little genius that it needs to avail itself of all there is, and this is a warm and attractive genius whom one would not willingly slight. But it cannot simply be put down as crass ingratitude, for that theory demands that too many different people in too many different circumstances should decide to practise the same far from universal vice to a pitch which challenges their sense of self-preservation.

This volume indicates that some of Mr. Churchill's difficulties with his colleagues may have been due to his phenomenal egotism. At the end of the chapter celebrating his return to the Admiralty at the beginning of the "phoney war" he strongly recommends a practice which, he says,

> . . . greatly extended my daily capacity for work. I always went to bed at least for one hour as early as possible in the afternoon and exploited to the full my happy gift of falling almost immediately into a deep sleep. . . . I regretted having to send myself to bed like a child every afternoon, but I was rewarded by being able to work through the night until two or even later—sometimes much later—in the morning, and begin the day between eight and nine o'clock.

This may be so; but it is ominous that Mr. Churchill shows no consciousness of the fury which this practice inspired in all his subordinates, who



*Low.*

**Mr. Snowden and Mr. Churchill come to grips over the tax on betting [1927].**

were obliged to keep the office hours of the services to which they belonged and were therefore not able to go to bed in the afternoon, but who nevertheless found themselves summoned to listen to the Prime Minister's bright ideas till the small hours.

To counterbalance such inconveniences there are, of course, firework displays of wit and clowning and wisdom. But the inconveniences are there, together with a defect not uncommon in great men. There must be only the small-sized round the throne. Professor Lindermann, now Lord Cherwell, is the only man of eminence mentioned in these pages as a familiar friend; there is not such mention as might have been expected of the many public men who never ceased to protest against his exclusion from office. But other statesmen have had far more discouraging attributes without detriment to their careers. Mr. Gladstone had a habit of delivering to any company in which he found himself short lectures on such subjects as the history of violin making, but suffered no harm.

It helps us to uncover the mystery, perhaps, if we consider the identity of the colleagues of Winston Churchill who worked hardest for his exclusion from politics. One was Earl Baldwin, the other was Neville Chamberlain. The one threw Mr. Churchill out of power in 1929, the other refused to let him back till the enemy was at the gates. Both, though Tories, were arrant demagogues. It was Earl Baldwin whose apology for not having warned England that Germany was outstripping her in air power has become a classic of political cynicism. "Supposing," he told the House of Commons, "I had gone

# *To the Republican National Convention*

**By Melville Cane**

WHAT are the qualities needed to dominate
Him, whom we're duly assembled to nominate?
What are his virtues, what of his timber,
To bring home the bacon this coming November?
What is the recipe, tasty, delectable,
Tempting to voters and surely electable?

On personal attraction
He must be long,
Against the foe, reaction,
He must stand strong;
To capital and labor
Of course impartial,
To every good neighbor
A friend unmartial;
To save the Constitution
A valiant prop,
For juster distribution
Rarin' to plop.
Never spectacular,
Sensibly regular,
Never too pinkish, never too Pegular.
But, most of all, he must rejoice
(If he hopes to score as the People's Choice)
In a golden, baritone radio voice.



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to the country and said that Germany was rearming, and that we must rearm, does anybody think that this pacific democracy would have rallied to that cry at that moment? I cannot think of anything that would have made the loss of the election from my point of view more certain." Lately this utterance has been whitewashed by Tory defenders (among whom Mr. Churchill ranges himself in a half-hearted paragraph) who pretend that he was moved by the fear that if the Socialists got in they would do even less for national defense than he meant to do. But as that amounted to hardly anything it is difficult to see how he could have cherished that fear. There is much to show that he cared in the simplest and the grossest way for the favor of the people; and so did Neville Chamberlain, who wanted so much to be popular that he could not believe in England's determination to be rid of him even when teams of postmen were using sacks to carry to 10, Downing Street the telegrams demanding his resignation. If those two men excluded Mr. Churchill from their Cabinets it must have been because they thought that he was displeasing to the electorate.

In this opinion they were, in an immediate and personal sense, quite wrong. When the electorate sees Mr. Churchill walking down the street or hears him over the radio it likes him very much indeed. It likes his infantile contours, his several optimistic and epicurean chins; the gusto with which he munches his juicier

(*Continued on page 32*)

# Personal History.

*Thoreau's "Civil Disobedience," as Louis Fischer points out below, was a continuing inspiration to Mahatma Gandhi. The State, Thoreau felt, was powerless against a determined individual —"It has not the vitality and force of a single living man; for a single man can bend it to his will." And he continued. "It is not desirable to cultivate a respect for the law, so much as for the right—Cast your whole vote, not a strip of paper merely, but your whole influence. A minority is powerless while it conforms to the majority;—but it is irresistible when it clogs by its whole weight." So Mahatma Gandhi and many of his followers went time and time again to prison. As Thoreau put it: "Under a government which imprisons any unjustly, the true place for a just man is also a prison."*

# *Indian Thought-Pearls*

*NEHRU ON GANDHI. By Jawaharlal Nehru. New York: The John Day Co. 1948. 150 pp. $2.*

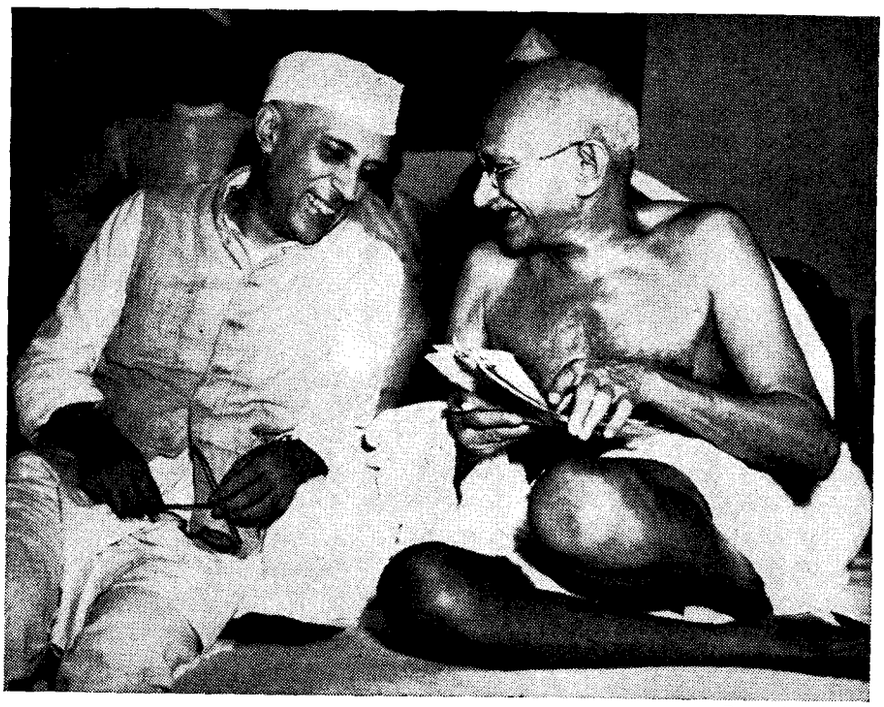
Reviewed by LOUIS FISCHER

IN 1949 it will be a hundred years since the publication of Henry Thoreau's essay on "Civil Disobedience." Americans and other democrats should celebrate this centenary, for apart from its direct message: the individual's right to oppose governments and resist their enactments, "Civil Disobedience" contains a healthy lesson in personal courage. Its brave words make one wonder what has happened in the century of America's great technological and financial growth to induce so much fear in our citizenry. When too many conformers and reformers tremble for the safety of their skins the nation's stature shrinks. "It left a deep impression on me," Mahatma Gandhi said of Thoreau's "Civil Disobedience." Indeed, civil disobedience had always been and always remained Gandhi's chief weapon in the fight for national and personal freedom. But it is a weapon that will fall from the hand of one who fears. And only the fearless are truthful.

Our cold-war epoch is full of subterfuge, cowardice, denials of identity, lies, immoral alliances. In the last months I have found it endlessly soothing to turn from the battle communiques of this struggle to writings by and about Gandhi. The lack of bitterness, the cleansing honesty, the nobility of purpose, the solicitude for human beings and for means are a great relief. Gandhiism also offers a program for our future.

It is a special treat to have Gandhi presented by an exquisite writer like the Indian prime minister Jawaharlal Nehru. "Nehru on Gandhi" is a most creative piece of publishing. Richard J. Walsh, the publisher, compiled it personally from Nehru's books, articles, and broadcasts. In this sensitive task, Mr. Walsh was guided by Nehru himself. The little volume traces the course of Gandhi's political actions in such a way as to reveal the pattern of his thought and the quality of his personality as well as the history of the Indian independence movement. All the excerpts are spliced together invisibly into an organic unit.

Gandhi appointed Nehru his political heir. He did so although Nehru had never made the least secret of his differences with the Mahatma on such fundamental matters as religion. Moreover, "I did not give an absolute allegiance to the doctrine of non-violence," Nehru wrote during Gandhi's



—*Press Association.*

**Despite basic differences "a warm father-son, leader-successor relationship developed between Nehru and Gandhi."**



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## *Publisher's Gallery*

*—Drawn from life by Norkin.*

### *VIII: Frank C. Dodd*

WITH 310 years of Yankee austerity cooling his bloodstream, Frank C. Dodd, board chairman of Dodd, Mead & Co., is "of course, a conservative, a Republican"—his penchant for driving a fast Cadillac notwithstanding. Minnesota-born and Yonkers, N. Y.-educated, he was taught to read the best by his minister-father, now insists he is not literary. "I couldn't edit a book to save my neck. I am a businessman. For years a $5 bill was the biggest thing I saw. I have always lived within my income, whether $10 a week or $500, always saved money." At Yale (1897) his uncle, then head of the house his grandfather founded in 1839, offered him a job at the lower figure. He took it.

Since 1916, when he began directing the firm's editorial and publishing policy, he has made more than fifty trips abroad, refurbishing Dodd's welcome to Shaw, Chesterton, France, Leacock, and Maeterlinck. He initiated the first American prize novel competition (winner, Martha Ostenso's "Wild Geese"), "The Home Book of Quotations," "The International Cyclopedia of Music and Musicians," got Allan Nevins to edit The American Political Leaders Series, started, with John Lane, London, The Ebony Library of classics. Modern fiction troubles him. "It's undignified. They're writing about things that are rather disgusting—unnecessarily frank. I still think that if anyone would write a clean, straightaway love story, it would have a good sale."

He is enthusiastic about fishing, mostly fly, but deep-sea casting gives him *mal de mer*—is "little better than a dub" golfer, has loving cups to disprove it. He is slight, of gentle demean, with bright gray eyes, puts in a four-day week, takes "all the vacations I can squeeze in." He has an air of peace.—R. G.

lifetime. He admitted that on occasions he did not approve of Gandhi's methods. "We in India have often differed from Gandhi, we differ from him still in many ways," Nehru declared for Gandhi to read. Nevertheless, a warm father-son, leader-successor relationship developed between Gandhi and Nehru. It is this ability to work with those who disagreed with him that made Gandhi "the born democrat," as he called himself. The right to dissent and cooperation with dissenters is the essence of democracy. Gandhi always sincerely encouraged people to oppose him.

The book is full of Nehru's and Gandhi's thought-pearls and word-pearls. Mr. Walsh has made them into a precious necklace.

*Louis Fischer has had roving newspaper and magazine assignments all over the globe. Once he lived with the Mahatma and out of this experience he wrote "A Week with Gandhi." He is at present working on a biography of the late Indian leader.*

# *Statesman in a Mad World*

*TALLEYRAND. By Louis Madelin. New York: Roy Publishers.* 1948. 320 *pp.* $3.50.

Reviewed by CRANE BRINTON

"TALLEYRAND has had many biographers, almost too many," M. Madelin writes disarmingly in his introduction to this brief popular biography. A lifelong student of the Revolutionary and Napoleonic periods and author of several general studies which seem almost to have closed the gap between the specialist and the man of letters, M. Madelin had to write a life of Talleyrand. There must have been a Freudian compulsion about it.

Like all his books, this is good leisurely reading. M. Madelin's straightforward academician's French comes through the translation a bit stepped up here and there by English colloquialisms, and occasionally is misrepresented more seriously. Talleyrand's wife was not a beast, she was merely stupid *(bête);* and "genial" is by no means English for "having the characteristics of a genius." We cannot believe Napoleon was ever genial. But these are minor flaws. As a popular narrative of the life and times of the man who held responsible office in at least six mutually antagonistic French governments from 1780 to 1830, M. Madelin's book is a good specimen of the hostile biography—hostile, but, up to a point, admiring. It is livelier, but also less clear, than the analogous popular life recently written by M. Aujay, and also translated into English. It should be balanced by one of the popular lives clearly favorable to Talleyrand, and written by professional diplomatists fully aware of Talleyrand's great services to the peace of Europe and the world; these are the lives by Duff Cooper and by de St. Aulaire.

*—Alfred Croquis.*

**"Talleyrand's great offense was certainly not his licentiousness."**

Hostility to Talleyrand is almost always expressed as disapproval of his "immorality." He was certainly no figure for the copybook. Yet one suspects that for the numerous Frenchmen who have written about him, Talleyrand's great offense was certainly not his licentiousness. Frenchmen, and even more, perhaps, Englishmen, Germans, and Americans writing about Frenchmen, would be most disappointed at having to deal with a chaste subject; indeed, they have never forgiven Robespierre for his lack of interest in women. Nor was Talleyrand's offense his love of money, nor his numerous "jobs," such as the XYZ affair through which he enters American history, nor his pretty unblushing cynicism.

It was, to be frank, precisely what to a non-Frenchman, and even to some Frenchmen, is his great virtue—his opposition to the indecent exhibition of greed, vanity, and romantic swelling afforded by the Napoleonic New Order after 1805. (Someone should attempt to fathom just why, for so many otherwise moderate and



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even liberal people everywhere, Napoleon is still seen on the side of the angels, and not in his proper Hitlerian company.) M. Madelin focuses his judgment neatly. He quotes Talleyrand's famous words to the Emperor Alexander of Russia at Erfurt in 1808: "The Rhine, the Alps, the Pyrenees are the conquests of France. The rest are the conquests of the Emperor; they do not belong to France." Immediately M. Madelin comments: "These terrible words constituted treason."

Treason, perhaps, to Napoleon as a person, but surely not treason to the France of Montaigne and Pascal, of Descartes, Fénelon, and the Encyclopaedists, the France of moderation, *mesure*, commonsense, the France that would indeed have liked to remake the world in her own image, but by reason, not by force of arms. Talleyrand was probably not morally outraged by Napoleon's aggression; he was simply unable to accept Napoleon's behavior as reasonable, even as sane. He had towards this madman in a mad world a physicianly rather than a preacherly attitude, which is why so many commentators misunderstood him. Preachers have always had a bigger hand in human affairs than physicians.

M. Madelin's book is a most readable introduction to the man, and generally reliable as to facts. But if this is your first meeting with Talleyrand, do not stop there. Go on at least to Duff Cooper or to St. Aulaire.

# *A Beguiling Creature, Altogether*

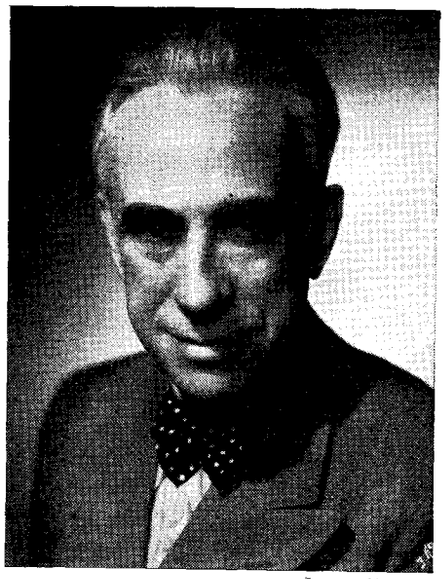
*MY LIFE AS A TEACHER. By John Erskine. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott Co.* 1948. 249 *pp.* $3.

Reviewed by ALFRED E. COHN

IT MUST have been rare fun to go to school to John Erskine, the professor. He could play on you through a wide gamut of charms. He could be serious and he could make you serious; he could make you gay by telling you stories and he possessed a wide range of wonderfully racy anecdotes; he could play to you on the pianoforte and he could draw emotions from you which only a master of the one universal language could manage to elicit. Through all this diversity, not always serious, you knew you were dealing with a man of strength, of principle, character, resources. You ought to have been afraid of him; you should have known that if he did not capture you one way, he would another. He could woo you with the arts and graces of his own Helen of Troy or he could subdue you as he did the members of his faculty by strict debate. A beguiling creature, altogether.

He seems always to have known his own mind. He knew he wanted to teach; he knew also when he had done with teaching. He knew that English, more especially English literature, was his subject and he knew when he wanted to transfer his interest to music. He knew he wanted to be a professor but he knew also he did not intend to be a college president. He knew that for him a small college was too small. He has been expert in keeping clear of the petty, messy quarrels of faculties, but he has not feared to face the great and decisive issues and to declare his strong convictions on what the country needs in the way of an education, in order to make of this—a nation. Even if he and men like him do not have their way, the *country*, no doubt, will survive. It is quite another question though whether it will survive as the dedicated, democratic nation, in the sense that Jefferson intended or hoped and foresaw that it should.

Erskine has reprinted in full his "Report to General Pershing," containing the reflections which arose as the result of that brief and exhilarating experience at Beaune in Burgundy, where he and a few other gifted men set up, under the auspices of the American Expeditionary Force, a university at the end of the First World War. Here he perceived that a melting pot could be made a real metaphor; that the country possessed the stuff in human resources to go far on the road toward achieving an American civilization. This, I think, was the peak of Erskine's experience, his peak of Darien. The degree to which that vision can be realized is no doubt the measure of the success to be attained of the American adventure. Erskine was wise to grasp the significance of that experience. Having seen a future of such vast potential and having come to perceive the difficulty of its rapid realization, he was wise to abandon that form of life.



—*James Abresch.*

**John Erskine—"You should have known that if he did not capture you one way, he would another."**

Where so much is good, it is churlish to complain of lacunae. And yet this has been the period during which the meaning of science in the life of our culture shook our civilization. Following on the discoveries of Newton and Darwin the complexion of Anglo-American life became something different. The new forces could not have avoided influencing the pattern of our nurture, to the point now almost of its dislocation. So great has been the impact that in the sense in which we were, we are no longer an educated people. On the influence of this movement on our education Erskine makes no significant comment. The word Science does not appear in the index nor the names of any scientific giants of our time. If this point is worth mentioning, it is because what Erskine thought of the values now being introduced into our world, would be worth knowing.

He lived through episodes that made of academic life a series of meaningful memories. At Amherst he knew the case of President Meikeljohn, though here I am not certain he was quite on the side of the angels. Meikeljohn may have been too difficult to live with, but the twelfth juror has a case too and, sometimes, in the long view, the stronger case. Rebels make progress. But he knew also the case of George Woodberry, whose friendship he cultivated throughout Woodberry's life. There is an agreeable chapter recounting two conversations with that great teacher. He knew the problem of Joel Spingarn, a free, courageous, and careless non-conformist. And he knew, finally, the unhappy case of Charles Beard. These are all episodes which, in remembering one's alma mater, it would be good not to be obliged to remember. It would have been more in keeping with what President Seth Low invariably referred to as "Columbia University in the City of New York" had the catholicity of the implication of this designation always been observed.

I have singled out Erskine's Beaune Report as the acme of his professional reflection and insight. I have made this selection, though then, and since,



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the general ideas there developed achieved no wide recognition. Whatever stir is taking place to change the form and content of the curriculum in American colleges, that movement is not identified with Erskine's ideas or his advocacy of them. I choose this even if his proposal that the "Great Books" be read has achieved greater and startling notoriety. He is undoubtedly correct. They are vehicles of our culture. The controversy of which they became central turned out to give Erskine's proposal a different emphasis from the one he intended. What he wanted and advocated and succeeded in introducing in Columbia College, he has now, happily, made clear;

> . . . if . . . the boys in college ought to be familiar with more than the titles of great books, that happy result could be achieved in a new kind of course, extending through two years, preferably the junior and senior years, and devoted to the simple principle of reading one great book a week, and discussing it in a weekly meeting which would last two or three hours.

His conception took this form:

> For more intimate discussion we divided the Columbia class into sections of twenty-five or thirty. All sections met simultaneously on Wednesday evenings. With each group there were two instructors, selected for their disposition to disagree with each other. They were present, not to lecture nor in any way to behave like professors, but to add fuel when necessary to the argument. Few sections stopped talking before the janitor closed the building.

That was how the original simple idea was made to work. In the end he has this to report:

> I am still amazed that my simple suggestion for studying great books by the most natural of all methods should have led us so far. If voluntary groups of adults choose to read by this method, they can readily supplement any education they have, or mend any ignorance they are likely to be conscious of.

It is now general knowledge how far this sensible, moderate, admirable method of stimulating boys at college to read has been driven. It was inflated to a point where at St. John's College at Annapolis it was "made the backbone of the curriculum" and so lost the Erskine balance.

This volume follows Erskine's autobiography, "The Memory of Certain Persons." His has been a full, a fruitful and, without doubt, an entertaining life. Through the pages of this volume he has passed in review students, teachers, trustees, of whom he has presented keen and engaging vignettes. We should be the poorer if there were not to be further volumes of his recollections.

# *A Lark in Liberia*

*NEW SONG IN A STRANGE LAND. By Esther Warner. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Co.* 1948. 302 *pp.* $4.

Reviewed by JOHN BARKHAM

OLD AFRICA doesn't take easily to a new look. Just a hundred years ago a colony of American Negroes tried to graft their civilization onto a patch of jungle in what is now Liberia. Most of us who have seen the results of that experiment are agreed it was not very successful. The Americo-Liberians are still there in their little towns and settlements. So, too, are the aborigines in their jungle, and the gap between the two is not much smaller than it was a century ago.

But these were not the issues that primarily concerned Mrs. Warner when she went out to Liberia with her husband, a research botanist working for the Firestone Rubber Company. As a sculptor, she had her eye on native African art in general and indigenous Liberian wood carving in particular. She was thrilled with what she found, and her story is gay and zestful enough to live up to its effervescent title. From the canyons of Manhattan to the primitiveness of the African bush is quite a leap, even though the clippers do fly it in a day. When Mrs. Warner stepped out of her house she found natives living outside her backyard who boiled frogs for breakfast. A little later she woke one morning to look straight into the eye of a green mamba coiled under the thatch of her roof.

The problems of the jungle housekeeping were distinctly unorthodox. In her flour she perceived jumping bugs that had to be sifted out lest she meet them again in her bread. Saucer-sized spiders crawled around her kitchen. The niceties of domestic protocol were also peculiar. A chicken, for instance, could not be killed for dinner until the "boys" had first intoxicated it. Mrs. Warner discovered such household rituals only after first mastering her servant's kitchen lingo. The words for size, for example, ranged all the way from "small-small" to "helluva." But little details like this didn't bother Mrs. Warner. As a brief sojourner in a strange land she was bent on sampling its exotic flavor to the full. It didn't take her long to learn that there were two distinct types of native: the Americo-Liberian, who lived well, dressed well, and spoke a florid English, often larded with Latin tags; and the half-clad tribesman, who went to the medicine man when he was ill, danced himself into periodical frenzies, and bought as many wives (at forty-eight dollars a head) as he could afford. Naturally she preferred the tribesman.

—*Illustrations from the book.*

Without a doubt this was mysterious, romantic Africa, and Mrs. Warner just loved it. What's more, she communicates her enthusiasm to the reader. Her account is refreshingly feminine and unfailingly cheerful. Unfortunately, it isn't always easy to understand. In her zeal to brighten her story with dialogue, Mrs. Warner has spattered about half of it with Liberian pidgin talk like this: "Boy-part nice fini" or "It be sweet soap you dash me yesterday." There should have been an Engliberian glossary.

*South African-born John Barkham has spent many years as foreign correspondent in that country for* Time *and* Life. *He is at present free-lancing while writing a book.*



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# *Almanac for Summer Reading*

## *A Guide to Forthcoming Books*

AMY LOVEMAN

*July*

*THE AGE OF THE GREAT DEPRESSION. By Dixon Wecter. Macmillan.*

An informed, documented, and lively account of the Roosevelt Administration, a sort of "Only Yesterday" of the New Deal era which should serve as an admirable refresher for those whose memories are already beginning to wear thin and a panoramic introduction for those who have come to maturity since the events recorded in it were new.

*THE AFFAIRS OF DAME RUMOR. By David J. Jacobson. Rinehart.*

Deals with the origin and development of rumors, a subject both pertinent and dramatic.

*EVERYDAY MIRACLE. By Gustav Eckstein. Harper.*

A mellow and stimulating book, full of good thinking and salted with fascinating stories of animal life, the kind of book that is admirable for interlude reading but which the discriminating reader will find rewards frequent perusal.

*THE MOTH. By James M. Cain. Knopf.*

Hard-boiled and hard-fisted, this novel which begins as a chronicle of adolescence and burgeons into a picaresque tale is a swift-paced narrative of a man who is hobo, thief, adventurer, successful oil man, and in the end respectable citizen. Robust incident and romance give it double interest.

*TALES OF HORROR AND THE SUPERNATURAL. By Arthur Machen. Edited by Philip Van Doren Stern. Knopf.*

A selection of stories by a master in his field collected by an editor who knows his way around in the literature of the supernatural.

*SHANNON'S WAY. By A. J. Cronin. Little, Brown.*

Love and religion have their part in this story of a physician in his twenties who puts medical research above all else in his life.

*CHRYSANTHA. By Margaret Drake. Lippincott.*

Here is something fresh and original in fiction, a book which purports to be the diary of an ostensibly unsophisticated twenty-year-old girl, witty, clever, amusing throughout and fantastic in part.

*MIGNONETTE. By Joseph Shearing. Harper.*

What befell when an impetuous and generous young woman invited the illegitimate daughter of her father to pay her a visit. Readers of Joseph Shearing will know what amalgam of mystery, romance, and tension to expect.

*HAWAII. By Fritz Henle. Hastings House.*

This collection of photographs has an accompanying text by Norman J. Wright.

*OPEN HOUSE IN NEW ENGLAND. By Samuel Chamberlain. Hastings House.*

Many new photographs and facts bring up to date a useful and beautiful book which has been out of print for several years.

*August*

*NO BUGLES TONIGHT. By Bruce Lancaster. Little, Brown.*

The War between the States and the breakdown of the Confederacy veraciously and animatedly woven into romance and reflected from the point of view of Union spies working in enemy territory.

*THE SKY AND THE FOREST. By C. S. Forester. Little, Brown.*

A tale of Africa which is rich in the atmosphere and full of the overtones which Mr. Forester so successfully works into his novels.

*ROLL BACK THE SEA. By A. Den Doolaard. Simon & Schuster.*

A solid, impressive novel depicting the heroic battle of the Dutch to win back the lands devastated by the opening of the dikes and flooding of the country during the war.

*APE AND ESSENCE. By Aldous Huxley. Harper.*

The fertile and macabre fancy of the novelist projects a world of the twenty-second century, a world which is post-atom bomb and which is seen in this successor to "Brave New World" through the eyes of a scientist who as member of a New Zealand expedition rediscovers America.

*BRIDIE STEEN. By Anne Crone. Scribner's.*

A Cinderella-like tale of a servant girl who discovers that she belongs to an important family and before the end of this fresh and charming novel comes into her own. Laid in the nineteenth century.

*NO HIGHWAY. By Neville Shute. Morrow.*

Compact, taut, and with the ring of authenticity in its scientific embroidery, this story, in which the reader catches the excitement of its actors as they await the testing of a scientist's prediction that certain great trans-Atlantic planes will break up as the result of structural fatigue after a given number of hours in the air, has charm as well as tension.

*CITY BOY. By Herman Wouk. Simon & Schuster.*

The author of "Aurora Dawn" is doubtless drawing on personal reminiscence for his novel of the experiences of a boy of near-underprivileged class on the streets of New York and in a summer camp. A rich, pleasant, and amusing tale.

*THE PLAGUE. By Albert Camus. Knopf.*

A remarkable book, grim, vivid, powerful, which can be read as a straight and highly effective story of a plague which sweeps Oran or in its wider implications as an allegory.

*THE CLEFT ROCK. By Alice Tisdale Hobart. Bobbs-Merrill.*

The hero of this contemporary novel is water and its theme the need of irrigation and the struggle for it in the West; effective as propaganda as well as fiction.

*September*

*THOREAU. By Joseph Wood Krutch. Sloane Associates.*

This is the first volume in the projected American Men of Letters

(*Continued on page* 31)

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**Fiction.** *A survey of published European literature over the last few years is badly needed as an index to the prevailing mood of writers and as a measure of creative vitality left after defeat and the ensuing chaos of poverty and hopelessness abroad. The record for France, Belgium, Holland, and Scandinavia is clear; but in Germany and Eastern Europe the situation is so confused any valid estimate is impossible. This week we survey five German novels, only one of which, Reinhold Schneider's "Imperial Mission," has been published in English. Among them, Theodore Oliver's "Stalingrad," Elisabeth Langgässer's "The Invisible Seal," and Ernst Wiechert's "The Jeromin Children," appear to be impressive enough to give some hope for the future. Our literature has always inccluded a strong undercurrent of European culture; the sooner we can know and absorb foreign ideas again, the better it will be for us and for the world.*

# *Post-Nazi Self-Portraits*

ROBERT PICK

JUDGING from the number of memoirs, studies, and scholarly papers, which have appeared in post-Hitler Germany on Nazism, or some particular aspect of it (including the guilt problem of its aftermath), German readers are not averse to having their recent past discussed in print. Yet those publications have thus far found no adequate counterpart in creative writing.

There is one novel of some stature which tries to come to grips with Nazism, "Das Gute Recht," by Kasimir Edschmidt, a well-known middle-aged author. This book—its title is untranslatable, meaning "the equitable law" as well as "one's due"—is an apparently semi-autobiographical account of the sufferings of an intelligent passive anti-Nazi at the hand of a minor party bully billeted on him and his family. Compared with the martyrdom of Nazi victims, the tribulations of Edschmidt's pensive hero are lesser ones. But it is exactly the everyday nature of his plight, if not the very boredom it exudes, which give to this story both credibility and a certain distinction. It would be a pretty good book if the author's snobbish delight in "good society," his arty cosmopolitanism, and the sad immaturity of his long political ramblings, did not make it an exasperating one.

The only distinguished German war novel — said to be immensely popular in Germany—was written outside of that country. Theodore Plivier, the author of "Stalingrad," left his native land for Moscow in the middle Twenties, to return only in the wake of the Red army; some months ago he was reported as having fled the Russian zone. His novel is a

sometimes overpowering tour-de-force, a kaleidoscopic, Breughelesque picture of German folly and German misery. The remarkable thing in it is the fact that Nazi wickedness appears as part and parcel of German folly. As sheer writing, "Stalingrad" is an impressive accomplishment.

Asked for the best of all novels recently published in their country, many German readers would probably name Ernst Wiechert's "Die Jerominkinder" ("The Jeromin Children"). This is an *Erziehungsroman* in the old German and Swiss tradition. The story, laid in the semi-feudal rural East, moves on from the Kaiser's days to the eve of World War II. Its protagonist is a poor fisherman's son and later country doctor, and a paragon of ethical standards. Wiechert, once a fierce nationalist himself—though, subsequently, he was to experience the tortures of a concentration camp—has, here, created a nostalgic picture of the right-thinking lower-class German, a good man. Despite its inordinate length and its allegorical and romantic overtones, Wiechert's *magnum opus* is very readable, and frequently quite moving. Social problems are viewed in the light of an almost fundamentalist religious belief and a paternalistic parochialism gone forever.

The reasons for the present dearth of German belles-lettres are, of course, manifold. Yet the disruption of national and social life, which obviously is one of them, represents only the extreme of a situation which has always confronted German novelists: the lack of an historically well-integrated society. The social novel has never had a real place in German writing. At the time that Defoe and Swift published their masterpieces, contemporary German creative writing was, except for one picaresque romance, "Simplicissimus," practically limited to hymns and some beautiful baroque poetry. Introspection rather than drama, lyrical narrative rather than storytelling, philosophy rather than social concern, have distinguished what first-rate novel writing there has been in the German language ever since the late eighteenth century.

Today, of all the *Weltanschauung* theses which have had place in the work of German authors, only Catholic philosophy has survived the holocaust unscathed. It is no coincidence that two of the finest writers of present-day Germany are Catholic believers.

Elisabeth Langgässer's "Das Unauslöchliche Siegel" ("The Indelible Seal") is on all counts the most interesting work to get into print since the end of the war. It tells the story of a Rhenanian Hebrew convert to Catholicism, of his both meditative and hedonistic pre-1914 life, his adventures in the France of World War I and after, and his final disappearance "in the East." But that plot vanishes for long stretches. Figures emerge, have their say—preferably on subjects with no visible connection with the fate of the hero—and dissolve, as it were. At times the scene suggests a miracle play, at others a surrealist picture. It is impossible in this brief survey to do justice to the power of this volume, or, for that matter, to argue with its experimental technique. The ultimate theme of the novel—its title refers to the sacrament of baptism—is modern man's search for extra-personal, extra-national, extra-social values.

Baptism also occupies a central thematic place in Reinhold Schneider's "Imperial Mission," now published in an American edition.* "Baptism creates a new man," Las Casas declares before Charles V in attacking the Indian policies of the Spanish crown, "that is the heart of the matter." Reinhold Schneider's book consists almost entirely of the talks which the "Father of the Indians," on and

*IMPERIAL MISSION. By Reinhold Schneider. New York: Gresham Press, Inc. 1948. 173 pp. $3.*



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after one of his returns to Spain, has with a repentant nobleman and exploiter on the one hand, and with the emperor on the other. A disputation, in the latter's august presence, between Las Casas and the advocate of imperial-Christian *realpolitik* lends a modest amount of dramatic movement to the story. Neither its historical settings nor the themes touched on—the relationship of church, belief, and secular power, and the limitations, absolute or alleged, set to an integral fulfilment of Christ's demands—are in any way new or spectacular. What fascinates the reader is the weightiness of the presentation, its earnestness and vigor. Aptly translated, this book is one of the most satisfying pieces of fiction to come from post-Hitler Germany. It is the fraction, or segment, of a historical novel rather than a novel. Reinhold Schneider, whose previous work includes a brilliant book on medieval England, is a highly "civilized" writer; his style is miles away from that "Teutonic turgidness" non-German readers are, rightly or wrongly, so much afraid of.

# *Saluting Two Saints*

*HEART IN PILGRIMAGE. By Evelyn Eaton and Edward Roberts Moore. New York: Harper & Bros.* 1948. 273 *pp.* $2.75.

*MORNING SONG. By Dorshka Raphaelson. New York: Random House.* 1948. 280 *pp.* $3.

Reviewed by
CATHERINE MEREDITH BROWN

THE FIRST is a zealously moral book, fervent but not fanatical, pointing a religious lesson in living without proselytizing. Reverence pervades these pages. A saint has been saluted and her life made vivid.

This is the story of the worldly, rich, fictionized early nineteenth-century belle of New York, Elizabeth Seton, who became the Catholic head of the Sisters of Charity. Though she is a familiar figure in American history, Mother Seton's struggle for tranquility is not so well known. Evelyn Eaton, an Episcopalian, and Monsignor Moore, pastor of New York's St. Peter's Church, have worked together to depict the scene whole and with understanding. They have definitely succeeded. Their work is a welcome sanctuary against present-day doubt and uncertainty.

It is illuminating to look back at New York around 1800. Wall Street, Trinity Church, and the Battery formed the boundaries of the emerging city. Shipping made men rich enough to dress their ladies in silks and diamonds. Parties were elegant, manners polished, and a social conscience had no part in drawing-room attributes of the aristocracy. Sunday found the pews of Trinity Church filled with Jays, Livingstons, Ogdens, and Roosevelts. Freedom of worship may have been a tenet of government, but admittedly the Episcopal Church was the only gentlemanly approach to paradise.

Elizabeth Seton graced this world. Educated, thoughtful daughter of Dr. Bayley, wife to prosperous Will Seton, mother of five children, her entrenched material security was ultimately discarded for the spiritual. On her husband's death in Italy the young widow turned to question her heart. The Catholic Church proved her answer. In the face of family anger and society's ostracism she embraced her new faith. From New York she went first to Baltimore and then on to Emmetsburg to become the Mother of St. Joseph's Convent and to head the Sisters of Charity. Here she lived out her life and died content, a sublimely assured soul.

Miss Eaton and Monsignor Moore have stressed the struggle for individual conviction rather than weighing the merits of opposed faiths. It is enough for one person to have found the truth for herself, to have become dedicated to selflessness. This is a glowing record, portrayed simply, authentically, and with admiration. Not even the most antagonistic could oppose Elizabeth Seton's conversion. It yielded so much that has proved permanently rewarding. Her followers must be grateful that her work has been so fully acknowledged.

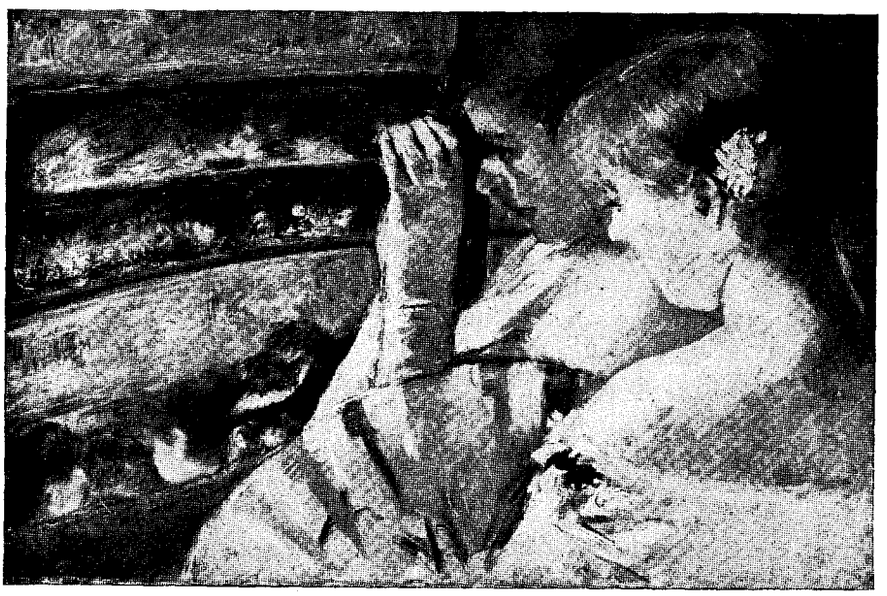
* * *

OLD NEW YORK may imply Washington Square, Murray Hill, or any staunch brownstone to a special segment of society. This is far from being the whole picture. Manhattan is "no mean city." Borough after borough is ridden with tradition, memory, and color. Interest is not zoned nor is there a corner on opportunity for the sensitive writer.

Mrs. Raphaelson turns back time in an almost small-town section near Broadway and 175th Street. "The Park" means Washington Heights, and "the country" is accessible New Jersey. This thoroughly American community, made up of all nations, is rich in pride of family. The *Mayflower* deposited passengers at this spot as did the later immigrant ships.

"Morning Song" recounts the life of Mary Millar from the age of five to sixteen. This brings us to the Twenties. Though we look into one or two speakeasies, the touch of the jazz age has been avoided. This is actually more a search for the truth than a period picture. Time and place just happen to people but wisdom, albeit elusive, can be achieved. It has been achieved here and, miraculously, without pomposity.

It is Viennese-born Poppa who acts as philosopher for his doting daughter. A socialist, an idealist, and a fighter, he is constantly at war with his avowedly capitalistic wife. Momma has left her native Russia for dollars not for dreams, and she never lets her family forget it. Poppa's death forces Mary, at fourteen, to support her mother. She finds joy, expe-



**"In the Box," by Mary Cassatt.**



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rience, and a good salary in the theatre. And, on her sixteenth birthday, she knows it's the boy next door, disciple of her father, who will lead her on her way.

Poppa is a man to love. He is good and he is fierce in the cause of freedom. He has read everything. He speaks nine languages. His integrity is invincible, and he knows the idea is all-powerful. His creed is "that which a man possesses is not important, but that which a man desires, that is very important." This is his heritage and there is treasure in it. It was terrible for Mary when Poppa died, terrible for the reader, too. His death came early but, due to Mrs. Raphaelson's skill, the book seems to be almost entirely about him.

It is also about youth. There are shining moments of astonishment in it. The Automat, the escalator in Macy's, and, above all, the fairy world of the theatre appear as visions of delight to the rapt child. Her guilelessness in the face of men, alcohol, and the accepted way of the world may seem exaggerated, but her enthusiasm is undeniably contagious. No wonder Equity received her with open arms. No wonder the hardened show-girls willingly gave her helpful hints, and the old wardrobe-mistress brushed her shoulder lightly with the magic rabbit's-foot on her opening night. There is something entirely irresistible about Mary growing up.

"Morning Song" is a first novel. Whether or not it is tinged with personal recollection is beside the point. We now know Poppa, upper New York, and the time when optimists believed the last war had been fought. Mrs. Raphaelson looks back clearly, carefully, and directly. It is rewarding to look back with her.

## *An Irish Charade*

*FIELD OF THE STRANGER. By Olivia Robertson. New York: Random House.* 1948. 280 pp. $3.

Reviewed by VIVIAN MERCIER

MISS ROBERTSON, who plays a leading role in her own novel, reminds me irresistibly of a person who suggests playing charades and having done so takes charge of the proceedings—particularly as the whole plot has such an impromptu air. The parallel is the more apt because so much of the action centers round amateur theatricals. The denouement or catastrophe—whichever you like to call it—occurs at an amateur performance of a pseudo-existentialist play, which quite literally brings down the house.

Since the author studied painting before she began to write and has illustrated her book with whimsical drawings which show a fair amount of talent, another parallel also springs to the mind. Irish landscape painting, like Irish history and the Irish landscape itself, always contains too much background and too little foreground; the same is true of Miss Robertson's novel. It has the Anglo-Irish background of Mount Granite House and "St. Leger's Folly"; it has the folk background of the phantom-haunted Field of the Stranger, complete with a Wishing Well, a Wart Stone, and a pagan altar; it has the Dublin background of new wealth, Bohemianism, slums, and sweated labor; finally, it has the background of Irish village life, full of public houses and petty snobbery.

Of course, all these things are a part of the background in modern Ireland; unfortunately, Miss Robertson's characters, who ought to fill the foreground with their loves and hates, are chosen for their background value, too. Mount Granite is the house of an eccentric gentleman, Mr. St. Leger, who keeps rats as pets. The Field of the Stranger is inhabited by an old wizard named Mr. Hare, who cures diseases by magic and sees visions of earlier St. Legers—as well as of the inevitable fairies. The Merton-Clinch family are *nouveaux riches* from Dublin who exploit their employees; the younger members of the family have gone Bohemian and like to write and perform absurdly "arty" plays. There is a pair of Irish lovers who have been walking out together for twenty years; background again. Miss Clancy and Miss Pringle, sisters under the skin, represent respectively the Catholic and the Protestant lower middle classes, with their puritanism, their gentility, their petty pride. And so on through a long list of characters.

Most of these characters are skilfully outlined and reasonably true to life, but Miss Robertson seems unable to supply them with adequate motivation and to set them moving in a coherent plot. Her basic situation, established very early on, is the renting of Mount Granite by the Merton-Clinches. Obviously, Mr. Hare and the villagers of Mandoran are not going to like this group of city slickers. But when the Dublin family finally establishes itself in Mount Granite, very little happens. Mr. Hare's donkey and Mr. St. Leger's rats are poisoned; a neighbor has appendicitis; young Merton-Clinch's fiancee turns out to be a drug addict. In desperation, the author solves all her problems neatly at the theatrical performance in the second-last chapter. Up to that point she has done nothing except pose problems, without advancing them a single step toward their resolution.

(*Continued on page* 31)

# *Your Literary I.Q.*

By Howard Collins

ACTIONS IN POETRY

In each of the twenty quotations below the unique actions performed by poetic characters are described. Can you identify either the poem or the poet? Allowing five points for each correct answer, a score of sixty is par, seventy is very good, and eighty or better is excellent. Answers on page 30.

1. Smiling, the boy fell dead.
2. He went galumphing back.
3. He stoppeth one of three.
4. With a fearful shriek he leaped and fell across the picture—dead.
5. So, toddling off to his trundle bed, he dreamt of his pretty toys.
6. "We are lost!" the captain shouted, as he staggered down the stairs.
7. He smiled a kind of sickly smile and curled up on the floor.
8. The pavement stones resound as he totters o'er the ground.
9. A woman sat, in unwomanly rags, plying her needle and thread.
10. She dropp'd her glove to prove his love, then look'd at him and smiled.
11. She endured, and to hasten the act she feigned desire; she had not for long, except in dreams, felt it.
12. Upon his knees he sank, pale as smooth-sculptured stone.
13. There in the twilight cold and gray, lifeless, but beautiful, he lay.
14. Laying his finger aside of his nose, and giving a nod, up the chimney he rose.
15. Back, he spurred like a madman, shrieking a curse to the sky.
16. He rode all unarm'd and he rode all alone.
17. His eyes went rubbering round the room, and he seemed in a kind of daze.
18. He bowed his head and bent his knee upon the monarch's silken stool.
19. She left the web, she left the loom, she made three paces through the room.
20. She 'twixt heaven and earth suspended as the bell swung to and fro.



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# Belles-Lettres.

*Critical examination of literary works, which are in themselves a picture of life as seen by the artist, may seem twice removed from reality and therefore futile. Yet no body of creative work can be said to be alive and kicking unless the critics are at work upon it. Studies of Eliot, Spenser, the Elizabethans, and Homer, such as those reviewed here, prove by their very existence the vitality of the writers under consideration and their continued meaning for our time. Eliot and the Existentialists in particular, in their despair tempered by hope and in their groping for a possible morality, are close to the spirit of this age. . . . Watch for two new Existentialist novels, Camus's "The Plague" and Simon de Beauvoir's "The Blood of Others," which will supplement the two novels by Sartre published in this country last year.*

## "Dying Into Life"

*T. S. ELIOT: A SELECTED CRITIQUE. Edited by Leonard Unger. New York: Rinehart & Co. 1948. 478 pp. $5.*

Reviewed by MARJORIE BRACE

MR. UNGER'S editorial selection from the enormous amount of criticism written on T. S. Eliot constitutes a remarkably interesting book. This comment from critics including, among others, E. M. Forster, John Crowe Ransom, T. I. Richards, Stephen Spender, Yeats, Allen Tate, F. O. Matthiessen, "in its cumulative aspect," says Mr. Unger, "provides a survey of modern criticism from a perspective that is constant and specific." And, because the subject is Eliot, it becomes a profound inquiry into moral and esthetic relations and values.

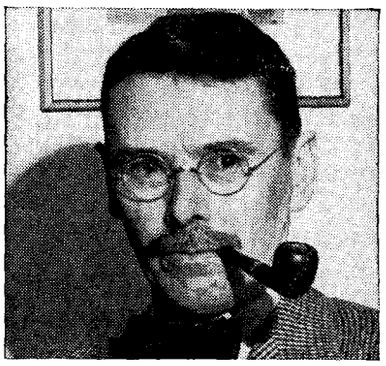
The tension within, and between, Eliot's work as critic and poet is summed up in the frequent quotation throughout this book of two of his statements. "The World is trying the experiment of attempting to form a civilized but non-Christian mentality. The experiment will fail." "In prose reflections one may be legitimately occupied with ideals, whereas in the writing of verse one can deal only with actuality." Eliot's critics must deal with a moralist, who upholds religious orthodoxy and severe intellectual control, and with an artist, who seems to many to exemplify chaos and despair. Is Eliot's poetry an involuntary negative, or a complement, to his thought? Can his viewpoint have any validity for a "rational" society, and, if not, may his art, or any art, arouse full response through a truth separate from its express belief?

What emerges from the complex ramifications of such argument is Eliot as a challenge. He despairs with humility and reverence; he hopes without optimism; he seeks beyond hope and despair: a position alien to a time intricately dominated by the lure of power. It is not religious dogma that constitutes Eliot's challenge, but the psychologically foreign idea of "dying into life."

Eliot has opponents so deeply immersed in a prevailing moral ignorance that they regard him as merely weak, or deluded. Others read him more intelligently, but as they might a propagandist, across an emotional rampart, and criticize him for lack of human sympathy, for denial of the possibilities in personal vision, for putting more emphasis on dying than on life. One arrives at creative interpretation with those who see Eliot as a rhythmic unity, disciplined, rather than defeated, by the knowledge of good and evil that, in the Dark Night of the Soul his poetry describes, precedes re-birth. Eliot's most sensitive critics realize that his theme is a basic human pattern of guilt, remorse, and redemption, which cannot be intellectually legislated out of existence. But they also point to the ambiguities in Eliot's version of that pattern, the cautious obliquities of a renunciation that may be only a reverse and singularly intractable aspect of power: "the suffering," as Ferner Nuhn says, "without catharsis; penitence without purgation"; the seeing of a truth without being changed by it.

The final testimony of this survey is that, though there may be far greater artists in our period, there is no other who could inspire a criticism of such far-reaching and serious import. There is more actuality, as well as ideal, in Eliot's penitential dying than has been found by those unaware of its necessity. Disintegrate in purgatory, Eliot alone, in the august company of the higher pessimists, gives a realistically difficult yet formative answer.

Thus far, he is unanswerable, except by the past witness of Shakespeare, upon whom his beleagured critics fall back again and again—as Eliot himself, supported by Dante, is haunted by Shakespeare: who endured and triumphed without the aid of dogma, but only the actuality of poetry. Still, we have no Shakespeare, and little poetry, but much criticism. Eliot's criticism may seem to some to keep his poetry in purgatory. But by its insight—and to the value of that insight the liveliness of this critique surely attests—his work as a whole "redeems the time"; as he has finely said we must endeavor, while the art of that time, in an unawareness more hopeless than the faith of purgatory, seeks an easy way to a Shakespearean freedom.



—*New York Times Studio.*

## *My Current Reading*

**Brooks Atkinson,** Pulitzer Prize-winning journalist, has long been drama critic for *The New York Times.* During the war he was a correspondent in China and Russia.

RUSSIA AND THE RUSSIANS, *by Edward Crankshaw (Viking)*

FIVE PLAYS, *by Ellsworth P. Conkle (Samuel F. French)*

A MIRROR FOR THE SKY, *by Jessamyn West (Harcourt)*

I SAW POLAND BETRAYED, *by Arthur Bliss Lane (Bobbs-Merrill)*

THE SEA AND THE JUNGLE, *by H. M. Tomlinson* (1912)

ABRAHAM LINCOLN: *His Speeches and Writings, edited by Roy B. Basler (World)*

EXPANSION AND CONFLICT, *by William E. Dodd* (1915)

INFORMATION PLEASE ALMANAC: 1948, *edited by John Kieran (Doubleday)*

BENJAMIN FRANKLIN'S AUTOBIOGRAPHY

I THEE WED, *by Gilbert W. Gabriel (Macmillan)*

JAMES MADISON: *The Nationalist, by Irving Brant (Bobbs-Merrill)*



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# Existentialism: Hope or Despair?

*DREADFUL FREEDOM: A Critique of Existentialism. By Marjorie Grene. Chicago: University of Chicago Press.* 1948. 149 *pp.* $2.75.

Reviewed by RICHARD MCLAUGHLIN

MARJORIE GRENE calls this challenging critique of existentialism an introductory essay. It is her modest way of preparing us for a stimulating if not altogether exhaustive treatment of the subject. Eminently equipped for the task of enlightening layman and specialist alike on existentialist aims, Mrs. Grene studied with Heidegger and Jaspers in Germany, and taught philosophy at the University of Chicago for seven years. She feels a certain alarm over the modishness of existentialism, and particularly the dazzling publicity which Sartre has enjoyed through it in the international headlines. It is entirely possible, too, that such fanfare may have dwarfed the basic optimistic doctrine of the existentialist philosophy that "man makes himself." Certainly most of us will agree with Mrs. Grene when she says: "The more fashionable a philosophy becomes, the more elusive is its definition." This is definitely true of existentialism. Today, no matter how many people talk about existentialism, comparatively few are well enough informed to discuss the subject intelligently.

Since Mrs. Grene goes out of her way to defend Sartre's concept of freedom, even against those who share with him the basic tenets of existentialism, a review of the various charges to date against the Sartre group of existentialists may be in order. What is even more significant is that these attacks are made by other existentialists as well as conservative present-day philosophers and lay readers. Some accuse the philosophy of donning bright new robes to conceal its old nihilistic concepts. Others can only deliver fierce blows against the personalities behind the movement in France now, expressing genuine shock at finding atheists adhering to a philosophy which not only sprang from the solitary torment of that religious soul, Kierkegaard, but which before the war was exclusively associated with the work of Christian thinkers like Maritain, Berdyaev, and Gabriel Marcel. Denounced by the Marxists as a hopeless philosophy reflecting a decadent bourgeois culture, and assailed on the other hand for its uncompromising atheism and obsession with perversion and the sordid, uglier form of life that exists on the fringes of artistic Paris, it is obvious that existentialism à la Sartre does not want for dissenters.

Yet whatever we may think of Sartre's motives and the sincerity of his disciples, the movement itself appears to be quite spontaneous and genuine. For if it is a philosophy of crisis, or even a nihilistic solution of the crisis itself, it also reflects, more than we may care to admit, the intellectual climate and dispiritedness of our age. It can, however, be defined with more literal precision: "Existentialism is the philosophy which declares as its first principle that existence is prior to essence." We are also reminded that existentialism does not seek "human values emergent from mere facts, as pragmatism or positivism try to do." This is perhaps what Jean-Paul Sartre means when he speaks of man being free, with no deterministic values to bog him down or any "predetermined purpose for which to use his freedom," or when he says "you have to start with subjectivity."

Mrs. Grene tells us that the storm around existentialism centers mainly about Sartre and the French atheistic school, of whom even Heidegger is supposed to have said, "Good God! I never intended *that!*" "But on the periphery of the movement are writers —apart even from the Barthian theological heirs of Kierkegaard — for whom God has not yet died and for whom, moreover, even the loneliness of the Kierkegaardian self is, at least ostensibly, conquered by the discovery of immediate communication between selves. "Thus it seems that whether they serve or deny God, the stress on personal existence for the existentialists leads them toward total involvement. Already the existentialists led by Sartre have openly renounced quietism for action. Drawn deeper and deeper into universal unrest, the Sartre faction may have to change still more their *sang-froid* attitude toward life, before they can prove to us that existentialism works as a philosophy of action in peacetime as well as in wartime. Otherwise we are agreeing with Mrs. Grene that existentialism is merely "a new expression of an old despair" rather than the "new morality we may hope for."

# Monument to Tucker Brooke

*OTHER ELIZABETHANS. By Tucker Brooke. New Haven: Yale University Press.* 1948. 220 *pp.* $2.75.

Reviewed by MILTON CRANE

AT THE beginning of his essay on "Willobie His Avisa," Tucker Brooke modestly asks that his study be considered an appendix to Albert Feuillerat's edition of Shakespeare's "Poems," "in the hope that it may possess a little of the same good sense." If one can single out for special praise one quality of Professor Brooke's work, it is surely his good sense. As editor, scholar, teacher, and critic, he stood consistently and steadfastly for the reasonable, the median, the predominantly *sensible* viewpoint, fortified by sound knowledge.

Professor Leicester Bradner, who compiled and edited these "Essays on Shakespeare," drew his materials (with the exception of two hitherto unpublished studies of Spenser and Marlowe) from a variety of learned journals and books dating back to 1913. The collection, as Mr. Bradner quite rightly says, is a more appropriate memorial to Tucker Brooke than the traditional assemblage of unrelated special studies by friends and admirers. Thirteen of the essays deal with aspects of Shakespeare's life and work; the rest are brief studies of other Elizabethan writers, including those of Marlowe and Spenser mentioned above.

The eloquent and just appreciation of Marlowe was never published during Professor Brooke's lifetime. Why not? In the answer to this question may lie something of Professor Brooke's view of the scholar's function. His work as editor and biographer of Marlowe puts every student in his debt. His admirable brief survey of Tudor drama remains one of the finest examinations of that rich literature. And yet the corpus of Professor Brooke's work, including both editions and original writings, is not so large as that of many scholars who are in every respect his inferiors. Dryden long ago praised Chaucer not only for his good sense but also for his moderation: "As he knew what to say, so he knows also when to leave off; a continence which is practised by few writers." Perhaps the judgment of one extremely sane and sensible writer on another may be fittingly applied to this eminent Shakespearean who — *mirabile dictu!* — published only when he was convinced he had something to say.

In essay after essay in this book we find clear, well-informed observations, expressed in admirable prose enlivened with a delightful and thoroughly unacademic wit: "The tale of Queen Elizabeth's transactions with



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the Almighty is long and very characteristic, on the Queen's side at least." And if we are not always able to share the author's view of Iago as a good man gone wrong or his enthusiasm for the criticism of A. C. Bradley, we must admit that he habitually constructs the best possible case of which his materials will permit. All in all, reading Professor Brooke's book is a delight, but a mixed delight, for it renews one's sense of loss at the passing of so fine a scholar.

*Milton Crane, a member of the English department of the University of Chicago, is author of "The Roosevelt Era."*

# Dark Intractability of Life

*ON THE ILIAD. By Rachel Bespaloff. Translated by Mary McCarty. New York: Pantheon Books.* 1948. 126 *pp.* $2.50.

Reviewed by HOWARD GRIFFIN

IN THIS book there is no attempt to deal with textual exegesis or the secondary problems of technique and background that have risen in connection with "The Iliad." Rather Miss Bespaloff gives us what amounts to a comparative treatment of a group of the characters, diagnoses made sometimes from a Freudian, sometimes from a mere commonsense point of view. Although at the end she tries to establish a parallel between the pathos of Hebraism and the ethos of Greek law, this section is in my opinion the least successful. But the perspicuous analyses of the characters from a broadly poetic vantage-point is brilliant, and brings to mind a pamphlet called "The Iliad or the Poem of Force" in which Simone Weil attempted a similar treatment. Only occasionally does Miss Bespaloff's broadly poetic vantage-point betray her. This esthetic *mystique*, well thought-out as it is, has its own dangers; it tends to lead the author too far from practical, from life-related considerations, as, for example, when she says:

> The royal ease of Achilles when he does not reach the limits of his power remains a true image of grandeur. . . . Without Achilles, men would have peace; without Achilles, they would sleep on, frozen with boredom, till the planet itself grew cold.

In comments like this one suspects that the author is attempting to see wholly with Greek eyes—and achieving only visual distortion.

To a discriminating reader the style of this book will make appeal: it combines—difficult as this may seem—fervor of conviction with aphoristic brevity. With ethical matters one finds less certainty of touch. Miss Bespaloff shows great acumen with Thetis and Helen but not very much insight into the men. With Hector and Achilles she is competent but, for some unexplained reason, finds the character

of Patroclus "dim." In this one feels that she rather than Homer is at fault.

Miss Bespaloff would surely concur with Goethe, who said, "From Homer I learned that in our life here above ground we have, properly speaking, to enact Hell." Yes, the Iliad is painfully clear about that, the bleakness, the elementalism of life. . . . While Hector's "once-charming head" is being dragged in the dust, Andromache obliviously prepares the hot bath for him. At the very instant that Achilles enters the battle, spear in hand, his own horses warn him of his impending death. And while Hector reviles the body of Patroclus, he knows that he himself will meet a like end.

With great particularity and restraint Miss Bespaloff makes clear the relation of these characters (both human and divine) to the principle of Force and to *Fatum*. Behind the surface movement of external things and shifts of power, she shows us the presence so well recognized by Homer of the dark untractability of life, the foundation of sorrow and the humanness of suffering.

# Limited Diet

*EDMUND SPENSER AND THE FAERIE QUEENE. By Leicester Bradner. Chicago: University of Chicago Press.* 1948. 190 *pp.* $2.75.

Reviewed by HENRY W. WELLS

THIS study of Edmund Spenser and his work is commendable for its broad conclusion that the poet should be regarded as a man of action intimately concerned with the affairs of the world. To a much greater degree it is disappointing because it evades any serious historical or esthetic criticism and throughout is a perfunctory performance.

A new book on Spenser is seriously needed at present because of all major English poets he is the least thoughtfully interpreted. In the last century he was called "the poet's poet"; in this, he has become the diet of the most ascetic scholar. His work plays a regrettably small function in the creative literary life of the present. It undoubtedly calls for a searching reappraisal, psychological, historical, philosophical, and esthetic. But it must regretfully be said that this book shoulders too little of this responsibility. A brief and necessarily superficial life of the poet is followed by a longer but equally facile description and interpretation of his poems.

The author declares that he is writing not for scholars but for the general public. Actually, his work is creative neither as criticism nor as scholarship. Evidence of its condescending character is its failure so much as to allude to most of the chief men and movements shaping Western thought in the crucial sixteenth century. There are summaries of Spenser's pastoral plots virtually in words of one syllable. Scarcely a line is quoted beyond the text of Spenser's own poems. The public that cares to read a book about Spenser is certainly a public interested in ideas, both historical and literary, and capable of appreciating a standard of critical writing which this volume fails to attain. Professor Bradner's is a work of notably good intention and meager performance. It may nevertheless serve a distinctly useful purpose if its very defects encourage more strenuous efforts in the same field.

# Forty Million Frenchmen Are Wrong

By Lionel Hale

THE YOUNG man holds securely at the start
The wide world and its happiness in sway
Where does he keep them, brother? In his heart:
And that the damned fool promptly gives away.



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The Saturday Review of Literature

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# A Bridge Across the World

THE WORLD is still a Tower of Babel, divided not only by languages but by alien and religious cultures. Western Europe, the American continents, and the British Dominions are rooted in Christian and Graeco-Roman conceptions of law and the dignity of man. Almost half the human race dwelling in Asia is spiritually nourished in Buddhism and in a classical literature founded when the Western World was peopled by barbarians and savages. The Islamic races, spreading from the Near East into Asia, and the Islands of the Pacific form another vast segment of humanity, nourished by Mohammedanism and Arabic culture. From the Balkans in Europe, across Western Russia and Siberia, a quarter of a billion people have inherited a religion and traditions that come from both East and West. Unless they can begin to understand the fundamental creeds and beliefs by which men live and die, how can these four segments of the earth's population form a political or any other kind of firm union and so become the One World toward which so many millions are now looking for salvation? Only an authoritarian international organization can hope to accomplish anything in this vast and vital project for world education, and through knowledge, understanding, and tolerance.

* * *

The United Nations has already assumed this burden. A month ago a group of thirteen representatives from eleven countries met in conference at UNESCO headquarters in Paris to draft a program for the increased availability and the translation of the great books of all countries. Dr. Charles Malek of Lebanon had made the suggestion at Lake Success that it was a task for the UN and the project was further outlined in Mexico City last year. In Paris there were representatives from China, India, Egypt, Uruguay, Brazil, Hungary, France, Great Britain, and the United States. Our own delegate was Frederic Melcher of *Publisher's Weekly*. The United Kingdom sent Allen Lane, head of Penguin Books, which has already published new translations in twenty-five-cent editions of Homer, Sophocles, and De Maupassant, and is proceeding with translations of fifteen classics from seven languages, ranging from Virgil and Tacitus to Dostoievsky and Ibsen. As it is now outlined, each national or regional group will list from seventy-five to 100 "classics," defined as books published before 1900, as necessary for translation into various languages. A supplementary list will include the best of the books published during the last half century.

Five countries have already sent in lists of suggestions for this basic list, and others are asked for their own contributions to world culture. After this, the difficult and expensive task of translation and publication will have to be rapidly assumed by individual countries or by inspired and wealthy angels. It can be assumed that the United States must in one way or the other take over a good part of this burden. It follows that committees made up of scholars, librarians, and men of letters from each country will work with UNESCO's Central Committee; but with the best intentions only the energy and enthusiasm developed in the nations of the UN can bring this noble idea to fruition, so that from China or Syria or Chile or the United States men can learn what ideas unite or divide them.

THE conception of a world literature embracing classics from all languages is not new. For example, the American Council of Learned Societies, with a grant from the Rockefeller Foundation, is already at work on the translation of fifty or more Russian classics, in the hope that the iron curtain might be less opaque if we knew what were the sources of Russian ideas and behavior. *The Index Translationum*, brought out for many years before the war by the International Institute of Intellectual Cooperation, will doubtless be republished, and the fine art of translation will be encouraged by a UN handbook establishing rules and standards. Here at last is a cultural program of world importance worthy of the UN. The final lists of classics and modern literature from all countries will reveal how remote we are still from the three other cultural spheres of humanity. The translation and distribution of classical and modern literature may help to build a bridge across oceans and continents to our comprehension and respect for our fellow men, everywhere.

H. S.

# *Carl Purrington Rollins*

CARL ROLLINS, who retires this June from his position as University Printer at Yale, is one of the few great typographers who have made our time in America notable in the history of art. His work has never been showy. Rather, it has been distinguished by clarity, simplicity, a beautiful sense of proportion, and an adaptability to the needs of a country where the printed word has multiplied as never before in history. His motto, if we may presume to formulate one for him, has always been that good printing is not a luxury. For those who believe that typography, like the spoken word, is intended to reveal not obscure meaning, and the thought and the emotion behind meaning, good print is a necessity. And Mr. Rollins in his own incisive prose has for a lifetime fought the waves of bad or ignorant taste that have from time to time swept through our books and periodicals. We must hope for many successors inspired by him, for the battle has just begun, and will never be won so long as it is confined to fine books finely printed for discriminating readers.

Since the earliest days of *The Saturday Review of Literature*, Mr. Rollins has been an unfailing friend and counselor, and a critic of vagaries in the dress of the magazine. For many years his column on fine books, and on typography, its art and history, was the best of its kind in the country. When lack of space restricted his free-planning and vigorous criticism, he continued as one of our most dependable reviewers. Nor was his helpfulness confined to questions of typography. His energetic mind fed upon the literature to which his print gave adequate form, and his advice on the criticism of wide ranges of books was pointed and provocative. He is numbered among that interested and effective group who helped to shape intellectually as well as physically this magazine in its formative years.

H. S. C.



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# LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

### Instigator

SIR: Despite our modesty, we are a little bit disappointed that your announcement of the Anisfield-Wolf Award to John Collier [*SRL* May 29] made no reference to The New American Library of World Literature, Inc., as the originator of "The Indians of the Americas." We urged Mr. Collier to undertake the book, and worked patiently with him on the project, and, when we had the final manuscript in hand we decided to place it with a trade publisher, and almost immediately made an agreement with Norton. We shall publish our edition in the autumn of this year. You will note that Norton gives us a generous acknowledgment on the title page.

VICTOR WEYBRIGHT.

New York, N. Y.

### Refuting the Irrefutable

SIR: Reviewing Charles Neider's Kafka study "The Frozen Sea" [*SRL* May 29], Miss Marjorie Brace is greatly impressed by the "irrefutable scientific evidence" as proffered by the author in support of his theories. Opening his book at random—sortes Neideriana—I found on ONE page (149) the following erroneous statements:

(1) "Pinzgauer (from the Austrian river, Pinzgau) symbolizes the river Styx."

Actually, the Austrian Pinzgau is not a river, but—as clearly indicated by the affix-*gau (Gauleiter!)* — a region; and "Pinzgauer" always means a heavy brewery horse of the type originally bred in that region. Throughout the Austro-Hungarian monarchy, which was Kafka's country, the word "Pinzgauer," metaphorically used, also alluded to great physical strength, endurance, and a slightly comical clumsiness—surely characteristics not commonly identified with the river Styx.

(2) "Brunswick (Braunschweig), the old German family and place name, is connected with the nobility and virility. . . . The first name [of the Kafka character in question] is Otto, which calls to mind Otto Brunswick, one of the more famous of the Brunswick line."

Actually, Brunswick (Braunschweig) is—as, for sound historical reasons, it happens frequently—not only the name of a German ducal family (and that of its duchy, whose capital, Mr. Neider's "place," bears that name, too), but also a rather common Southwest German, Swiss, and French-Jewish family name. Furthermore, the only "more famous" Braunschweig duke known to students of history is Karl Friedrich Wilhelm, the author, or signer, of the ill-famed Manifesto of 1792, which touched off the wars of the French Revolution.

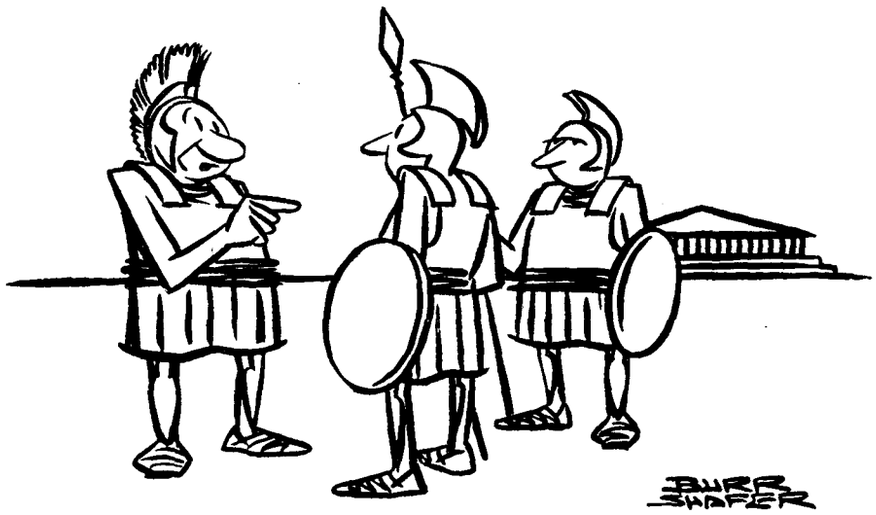
(3) ". . . Otto . . . is the Teutonic equivalent of mountain."

Actually, Brockhaus, a usually reliable authority, traces "Otto" back to the old-Germanic "ot" which signifies "property" or "heirloom."

May I add that I have no axe whatsoever to grind with either of the "two schools" of Kafka exegetes. I merely feel—and I dare to submit this on the strength of this one page of his book—that Mr. Neider should have been far more accurate indeed in presenting his "evidence," and Miss Bruce a little bit more careful in accepting it as being "irrefutably scientific."

ROBERT PICK.

New York, N. Y.




THROUGH HISTORY WITH J. WESLEY SMITH

". . . and another thing. If all us Spartans are warriors, who'll pay the taxes?"

### Ripping Reaper

SIR: T. G. Reaper's proposals for survival after atomic onslaught are stupefyingly naive and exhibit the same blunder which has brought about the atomic menace itself. They are founded, that is to say, upon a considerable technical foresight which, however, makes no use of the science of psychology. Mr. Reaper, like most Western men, identifies Man with man's equipment. He expects that, after the holocaust, his "League" may survive by clever parasitism exercised upon the wreckage of the Machine Age. The expectation is blind to the nature and the putative behavior of human beings under the circumstances outlined, and *SRL* is under some obligation to expose this wistful and wishful self-deceit.

Mr. T(he) G(rim) Reaper looks forward, with the mind of a businessman, scientist, or engineer, to the swift exploitation of scrap metal and derelict vehicles, a tabu of exogamy to prevent genetic deterioration, and the recovery, in a few generations, of sufficient science and industry to return to the manufacture of atomic bombs. This is the whole of the Objective Scientific Faith and it will get us no further than we have already got—which is, to the brink of nowhere.

Only the scientific student of *subjectivity* can see what lies ahead. And what is that? Examples will suffice:

The atomic bombing of the first half dozen large cities will depopulate the remainder. Untouched survivors in cities of all sizes will not wait their fate passively. Unconsciously, we reason that they will—owing, no doubt, to the placid behavior of the Hiroshimans and Nagasakians. This is an error. The Japanese are fatalistic. They had no knowledge of the weapon that had struck them or its horrendous long-range effects. Americans, however, are self-determined optimists. They are extroverted doers. Optimism is the poorest possible orientation, in the presence of massive catastrophe. The typical reaction of the extravert to frustration is hysteria. Furthermore, Americans understand to some degree the nature and effect of atomic explosions.

All American urban populations will flee in panic into the farthest reaches of the rural areas after any local atomic bombing. Tens of millions of wild and starving persons will wrest, in a matter of days, the food stores, homes, animal stocks, etc., from country-living people. The Army, vaguely foreseeing some such possibility, has suggested Universal Military Training as an answer to a need for mass disciplines. Let it be noted that the French, after generations of conscription and in the face of a mere invading army and heckling Stukas, fled their cities and utterly obfuscated military activity on the highways.

American exploitation of forest areas, destruction of wildlife, and pollution of rivers and streams means, very simply, that the foraging multitudes will soon devour such foodstuffs as may be found in the agricultural areas, but streams and woodlands will offer no hope of further sustenance. Cannibalism will thus ensue within a few weeks.

Hence the person who realistically plans to survive needs to know recipes for cooking his fellows, and, also, how to use counters so as not to consume radio-active human flesh. Biological warfare will, naturally, follow upon the heels of the rout—with dis-

(*Continued on page* 24)



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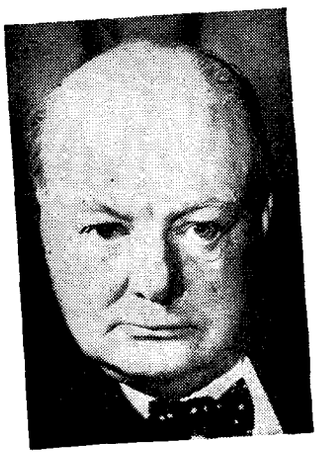

# The Gathering Storm

## by Winston S. Churchill

This book is becoming a legend before publication. The combination of statesman, philosopher and writer, unique certainly in degree of excellence, makes this contemporary history a book to be read universally. This first volume of *The Second World War* is an extraordinarily dramatic picture of years leading to the chaos of World War II, drawn with vigor and wit and incisive clarity.

Before publication—$5.00

After publication—$6.00

At all bookstores

# The Masquerade in Spain

## by Charles Foltz, Jr.

One of the first reviews* calls this: " . . . the best work on the subject to have appeared in the United States." Its excellence is the product of an intellectually honest study of the conflicting forces that shape modern Spain. For the masquerade is purposely confusing to the outside world. The true faces of the Church, the landowners, the Franco puppets, the opposition are hidden to the onlooker by a devious subtlety of design. Foltz collects the evidence for the first time in some instances, sifts it, interprets it, and presents this enigmatic nation to the world beyond.

*Boston Herald

$4.00



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# New Song in a Strange Land

by Esther Warner

Decorations by Jo Dendel

"When man or woman gets under the skin of a land and people and writes of them truly and with a beauty that comes, not merely from a facility with words, but from sensitiveness, knowledge and real passion, that is an experience. 'New Song in a Strange Land' belongs with the few."

$3.50 *New York Herald Tribune*

GHTON MIFFLIN COMPANY · PUBLISHERS

# We Need Not Fail

by Sumner Welles

This is a time of grace, a chance, again, to build a strong foundation for peace among nations. Our chance is threatened by every hostility whether localized or universal in intention. Sumner Welles analyzes the Palestine situation as the test—perhaps the ultimate test—of the United Nations. This book presents a great statesman's program of action for permanent peace.

"... an admirable, a sobering, a frightening book ... a magnificent job ..."

*The Saturday Review of Literature*

$2.50



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(*Continued from page* 21)

ease spreading readily amidst roving mobs that live without sanitation of any sort. H. G. Wells foresaw this in his "wandering sickness"—just as he long ago foresaw the atomic war, the fighter plane, radio, and pretty much all of our contemporary and ingenious man-made horrors.

Mr. Reaper's notion that sex relations can be ordered so as to prevent the breeding of monsters by persons with radiation-damaged genes is now seen as the mere dream of a mind technically conscious but psychologically uninstructed. The scores of millions of country-looting, sick cannibalistic survivors, themselves facing a hundred sorts of death at any hour, will scarcely restrain their erotic impulses to await tests by no-longer-functioning laboratories. Where Mr. Reaper anticipates the prevention of exogamy, rape will be the general fact.

For the sake of brevity, further, similar, and obvious details are here omitted. But Mr. Reaper's solemn belief that only a few generations of post-atomic parasitism will be needed to restore technology, reveals how deeply unaware he is of the basic mistake in the modern, scientific premise. No such speedy gathering up of the pieces and no such gladsome, swift return to the old cycle is foreseeable.

Modern man, in the vast majority, has no understanding of science or the scientific method, even in the objective fields. He regards science, when it is exploited to his advantage, with a sort of infantile lust. When it threatens him, this mood vanishes and in its place comes superstitious hatred. The scientists, in an absurdly egoistic pursuit of what they term "pure knowledge" have failed to elicit much knowledge of man—including themselves—and they have failed to disseminate, even amongst themselves, such scientific understanding of man as does exist. Thus the physical sciences are, actually, a childish game rather than a complete and mature procedure.

What will be the result of this psychological folly? The revenge, naturally, of such persons as do survive, upon the residue of the Machine Age and all its supporting techniques and ideas. In a year or two after the worldwide dispersal of civilized man, those still living will set upon every rusting engine, every power tool, every building that houses instruments, and destroy them. Mr. Reaper hopes to avoid falling back on the wooden plow. Alas! Metal plows will probably be tabu to the residual populations for centuries or millenniums. The knowledge and the works of science will become—for every man—the "devil" of a myriad future religions. Quite understandably, too.

Our folly has been to learn all about objects and nothing about the learner, the subject, man. We are so steeped in this lopsided circumstance that we can think of man himself, these days, only in terms of "disciplines" and "engineering." The rebellion of instinct is the inevitable consequence. Any person, truly interested in his own survival and truly informed as to human nature, knows that the means for the accomplishment of his intent consists in hanging around the most primitive tribe that can be discovered in the most useless (by modern standards) and remote corner of the earth, making little gifts of shells and feather ornaments until the natives take pity on him and adopt him into their clan, for all his unhealthy white skin.

After the atomic bombs begin to drop, I give Mr. Reaper and his well-drilled neo-Boy Scouts a half-life of ten days.

PHILIP WYLIE.

Miami Beach, Fla.

## Comics

SIR: In your edition of *The Saturday Review of Literature*, May 29, 1948, you have an article called "The Comics . . . Very Funny!" It tells about how bad comics are, but hardly mentions at all that there are good comics too, like "Mickey Mouse, Donald Duck, The Fox and The Crow" and many others.

I can see your point in saying that some comics are bad, but you say

—*New York Herald Tribune.*

"School's Out."

that most comics are bad, I think that is overshooting the limit.

I don't read crime comics much, at least the kind with the man about to cut a woman's eyes such as you pictured in this particular edition.

I agree with you that kind is bad. But "Superman, Captain Marvel, Green Lantern and Batman" and other comics have crime too, but nothing such as you pictured, and if there is you always hear about it, you never see it.

If you are going to prohibit horror comics you will also have to take a lot of original pictures out of Grimms fairy tales and also rephrase it. For instance take the story of Rapunzel, when the wicked witch claws the young prince's eyes out, I call that pretty gruesome.

I also say that you're wrong about saying that comics are the cause of a lot of juvenile delinquency.

BRUCE R. CARRICK.

New York, N. Y.

EDITOR'S NOTE: *Mr. Carrick is eleven years old. He and other readers should note the article refers always to comic* books, *not comic* strips.

SIR: If you want to see a picture of mass behavior in regard to the consumption of comics, you should visit a large school cafeteria—hundreds of youngsters—sandwich in one hand, ice-cream in another, and the eyes popping out and eating up the comics. Is all this comics-consumption an innocent merriment? By no means. It has a most corrupting effect upon the youngsters. Needless to reiterate, it makes them blase toward the serious issues of life; it makes them cynical and mindless of real esthetic values; it gives them a certain kind of insidious shrewdness.

What the derived effects of comics-consumption have on the intellectual aspects of school work are obvious. It is pitiful to see a high-IQ student getting the best marks in school work but being essentially a stultified individual because of the intoxication resulting from comics.

MARTIN WOLFSON.

Brooklyn, N. Y.

SIR: One of the most cogent reasons for the success of the comics, is namely, that they are the marijuana of parents as well as of their offspring. Many guardians who lack the time or imagination to play with their children or to devise other outlets toss them comic books by the armful because "there won't be a sound out of them for hours!" They then rationalize about their influence in order to enjoy their benefits. Another irony of this expedient is that even the children who come from homes where they do not ordinarily crave comics hear about them in school and feel constrained to be up on the latest instalments in order to rate with their crowd.

LOUISE S. PEARSON.

New York, N. Y.

SIR: John Mason Brown's objections to the comic books [*SRL* Mar. 20] left me quite cold. Having read Dr. Wertham's article I disagree on every point, as a matter of fact on his one point, since his only objection is that the comic book is the cause of all juvenile deliquency. Even if the comic books are banned there will still be sadistic small boys who can be handled only by means of a father's razor strap.

Charles Dickens is cited in a couple of places. I shouldn't say that he wrote for children. He attacked the social evils of his time, and in attacking them saw many abolished. But juvenile delinquency can't be abolished. Two cases of rape have just been publicized today in the newspaper. I think more publicity should be given the punishments meted out in such cases. I presume that Dr. Wertham would blame them on the comics. A boy of fourteen and another of nineteen. (If you call such a nineteen-year-old a man I don't.) In my opinion the attentions of the psychologist in such cases is a waste of time. In these two instances I should mete out death to both boys. In my opinion a boy of fourteen (this boy of fourteen) knew what he was doing in killing the girl of eight.

A severe code of laws is the only answer to such juvenile delinquents, not the abolition of the comic books. Someone has said, "There is no such thing as a bad boy." I disagree.

GORDAN STOECKLER.

Washington, D. C.



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**Poetry.** *During the war patriotic poetry, "the poetry of freedom," was heard again in the land. There is no more valid way of telling an epic, national story than to put it into ringing and metered verse. Charles Wharton Stork has continued this revival of an old theme and a discredited form in his galloping, rhymed narrative, "On Board Old Ironsides." To tell a story in verse that might have otherwise been written in a novelist's pedestrian prose may be a way of bringing poetry to greater numbers of readers. Another illustration of this is found in a volume reviewed this week, "Always the Need," by Joel Keith, who writes of a wrecked marriage by means of a series of sonnets. Perhaps in the postwar years a new poet will arise who will find a theme and the words for it as eloquent as Stephen Vincent Benét's "John Brown's Body."*

# *Duels of Ships and Sex*

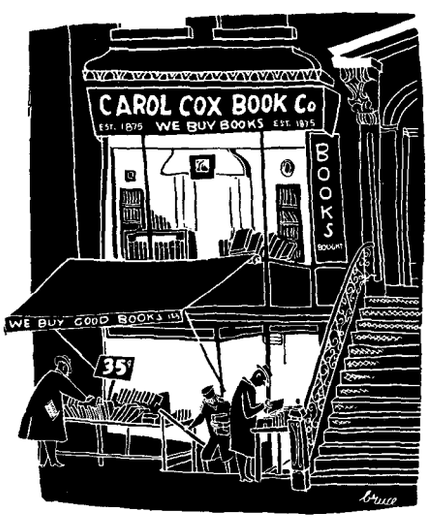
*ON BOARD OLD IRONSIDES*, 1812-1815. *By Charles Wharton Stork. Mill Valley, California: Wings Press.* 1948. 92 *pp.* $2.50.

*ALWAYS THE NEED. By Joel Keith. Chicago: Dierkes Press.* 1948. 40 *pp.* $2.

Reviewed by A. M. SULLIVAN

IN THAT curious struggle known as the War of 1812, America's mediocre record in land battles was offset by the brilliant performance of her small navy. Charles Wharton Stork retells the epic narrative of the *Constitution*, affectionately dubbed Old Ironsides, in a combination of blank pentameter and rhymed tetrameter. With considerable vitality of expression and variety of metrical pace, he recounts the successful engagements of the *Constitution* against the frigates *Guerrière*, the *Java*, and the smaller pair, the corvette *Cyane* and the sloop *Levant*. The poet seems to know his way around in the nautical terminology, and is especially apt in conveying the technical superiority of American seamanship in the slow but dramatic chase of the *Constitution* by the three British men-of-war when the Yankee frigate stole every puff of air to gain speed during a long calm.

The duel of the frigates *Constitution* and *Guerrière* is told as a game of wits between Captain Hull, the Yankee, and his personal friend, Captain Dacres, the Briton. Despite a partisan point of view that belongs to the heroic poem, Mr. Stork maintains a generous attitude toward the individual foeman. With mounting suspense he tells of the approach of Old Ironsides toward the adversary, of the early damage of the American frigate's rigging by British gunfire, and Captain Hull's reticence in opening




fire. In the rigging, a young Baltimore sailor waited:

Up on his fore-yard Tim Carty sat,
Crouched and alert as a mountain cat.

Below him, his friend Old Zeb, the gunner, watched impatiently for the opportunity of firing. The *Guerrière* loomed larger as the smoke of her guns blew away; a ball ripped through the sail, with white ribbons blowing around the sheets and stays. The signal at last is given and twenty-four guns fire broadside at the enemy with devastating results. The mainmast of the *Guerrière* topples, but a random shot has cut the halyards of the *Constitution's* flag, and it dangles above Tim Carty:

Up shimmies Tim, takes the severed rope
Splices the strands with the speed of hope.

Raked and ruined, the *Guerrière* strikes her colors, and Captain Hull, superior seaman, greets his friend and enemy Captain Dacres as if he had just beaten him in a game of tennis. Later, the *Constitution*, under Captain Bainbridge, defeats the out-gunned but faster *Java*, and later under Captain Stewart it captures the corvette *Cyane* and the sloop *Levant*.

Mr. Stork is a robust story teller, and he weaves the love interest of Tim Carty and Sara Trent through the battle scenes. The absence of any historical notes or source credits is disturbing to the reader who would like to know where facts end and fiction begins. The poet's technique has greater vigor than finesse, and while bardic freedom is expected in the narrative poem, some of the lines have the adjectival weakness of the "luscious roar" of the guns.

* * *

Joseph Joel Keith in forty Shakespearean sonnets offers the story of marital tragedy, as we observe it through the faithless wife, the distressed husband, and the anguished little son. The tale, as much as we hear of its detail, unfolds in a psychological case history with the poet always present. There is no characterization, no motivating incidents, and little suspense because the poet is concerned only with an analysis of frustration. The poem is the appraisal of a Greek tragedy in retrospect, related with tenderness, poetic skill, and a consistent music, as in the picture of the lonely boy:

Let each tomorrow be a picket fence
where he might dream the happy hours away
and find the other side a greener place
and nothing stunting growth, and nothing dim
the shining candles of his rosy face;

The lad runs away, the father seeks and finds him. The wayward mother

## FRASER YOUNG'S LITERARY CRYPT: No. 261

*A cryptogram is writing in cipher. Every letter is part of a code that remains constant throughout the puzzle. Answer No. 261 will be found in the next issue.*

ZYXW VYTSX RQP ROYNW RX

MRKKJ RX WMPJ ZRSP NK

WMPHQ ZHGFX WY OP.

ROQRMRZ THGEYTG

*Answer to Literary Crypt No. 260*

If there's a job to be done, I always ask the busiest man in my parish to take it on and it gets done.
HENRY WARD BEECHER.



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LIONEL TRILLING · MARK SCHORER · ALLEN TATE · ROBERT PENN WARREN · ERIC BENTLEY · JOSEPH WARREN BEACH · T. S. ELIOT · DAVID DAICHES

**23** noted critics discuss the modern novel

Its technique, significance, philosophy, problems

**WILLIAM VAN O'CONNOR:** The Novel in Our Time
**MARK SCHORER:** Technique as Discovery
**ALLEN TATE:** Techniques of Fiction
**JOSEPH WARREN BEACH:** Henry James
**DAVID DAICHES:** James Joyce
**FRANCIS FERGUSSON:** D. H. Lawrence
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**RAY B. WEST, Jr.:** Ernest Hemingway
**RICHARD CHASE:** Myth Domesticated
**T. S. ELIOT:** Ulysses, Order, and Myth
**ROBERT PENN WARREN:** William Faulkner
**LIONEL TRILLING:** Manners, Morals, and the Novel
**E. K. BROWN:** E. M. Forster
**CARLOS LYNES, Jr.:** André Gide
**FREDERICK J. HOFFMAN:** Aldous Huxley
**C. W. M. JOHNSON:** Marcel Proust, and Tone
**ROBERT BECHTOLD HEILMAN:** The Turn of the Screw
**ROBERT WOOSTER STALLMAN:** Life, Art, and Conrad
**WARREN BECK:** Virginia Woolf
**CHARLES CHILD WALCUTT:** Frank Norris
**ERIC BENTLEY:** Robert Penn Warren
**MORTON DAUWEN ZABEL:** Graham Greene
**C. H. RICKWORD:** A Note on Fiction

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for the critic, student, and writer
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University of Minnesota Press

seeks to regain her child's affection and is rebuffed. In remorse she drowns herself. Novels and epics have been written of such a situation, but Mr. Keith, a better poet than dramatist, is handicapped by the framework of his story and his method of telling it. Several parts of the poem are greater than the whole, especially the group of sonnets in which the wife is seeking to break through the wall of silence built against her, but fails:

she faced her husband then, and with surprise
She saw not love's, but pity's hopeless eyes.

Mr. Keith is a lyric poet of fine talents, but this sonnet sequence is not up to the level of his earlier poems.

## *850-Word Limit*

*A GIVEN MEASURE: (The First Book of Poems in Basic English). By David Hudson. Wilmington, Del.: The David Hudson Associates.* 1948. *28 pp.* $1.25.

Reviewed by I. L. SALOMON

THE MOST felicitous thing about this book is its title. Within the given measure, David Hudson contrives some poems out of Basic English, an 850-word list compiled by C. K. Ogden as a workaday language for the peoples of the world. If Basic ever becomes the living tongue of poetry, these experiments will be looked upon as oddities in verse. It is to Mr. Hudson's credit that he attempts things unattempted yet in Basic rhythms. He hasn't altogether learned the shape and sound of the prescribed words, and it may be that even our most compelling poets of the day would be hard put to it to do better. Since the poems are printed in the order of writing, the development of the experimenter may be followed. In "Market Place," a sea-poem, Mr. Hudson finally achieves a lilting cadence and an awkward trope:

and I, who here stretched out on sand
let all your silks come rolling down,
am willing that you be yourself
while sun on me is turning brown.

Mr. Hudson, who manages prose with some difficulty, includes "Basic English Versus Poetry" from the 1946 *SRL* Poetry Number, a non-committal foreword by I. A. Richards, an author's note of gratitude plus a disclaimer he is not deranged, and finally a publisher's blurb, his own, listing his interests in poetry and the delectable information that this book, published on his birthday, January 23, is dedicated to his mother, who celebrated hers on the twenty-second.

## *Brio Unbounded*

*THE EGO AND THE CENTAUR. By Jean Garrigue. New York: New Directions.* 1948. *126 pp.* $2.50.

Reviewed by DUDLEY FITTS

MISS GARRIGUE'S first book of poems is notable for two qualities: an acute introspective sensibility, at its best in such delicate probings of mood and motive as "Letter for Vadya," and an unusual accuracy of physical observation, especially when she is dealing with animals. The verse is relentlessly honest, stripped of tricks—too stripped, perhaps—, alive at every point. Occasionally, as in "The Mouse" and the song begining "O beautiful, my relic bone," intention and medium combine definitively: one does not see how the thing could have been done better. Unhappily, these successes are the exception; the greater part of the poems, for all their vitality, are marred by a sloppiness that seems to be the result less of obtuseness than of impatience. There is *brio* enough here, and to spare; but there is a tendency to sag, to go unkempt. Is this a deliberate disorder? It is difficult to account otherwise for such a line as "Or nectarines and melons heapéd high," or "Outdo th' ambitious agent starting this," or "Where, 'mong these discards, we have foistered hell." If Miss Garrigue were a strict metrist, this mortuary notation — "heapéd high"! — would be understandable, though hardly forgivable. But she is not: her versification, while metrical, is extremely free, and these unexpected precisions are consequently the more incongruous. It is a kind of swaggering in reverse, an uneasy license that can extend to the diction:

Gone to the state of childishness or evil
The drunk feels free now to do everything,
Give him a tree and he will be an ape,
A gun and he will murder like an infantry
Or dance or fornicate or puke or sing. . . .

"Childishness or evil," yes; "like an infantry," strange, but yes; but all the rest, no: there's no conviction in this rowdiness heapéd high, since Miss Garrigue's medium is not the slide trombone. What she can do, and do as well as anyone I know, is the gay accuracy of resemblances in "False Country of the Zoo," the particularity of image in "Enemy of Those Who Are Enemies of Sleep," and, total creation, "The Mouse":

Praise him who sweetens
On a small hate.

Here is the genuine voice, poetry—alert, perceptive, composed.



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# *Defying Wounds & Disaster & Death*

*A MAN IN MIDPASSAGE. Collected Poems, 1930-1947. By Norman Macleod. Columbus, Ohio: Cronos Editions.* 1947. 79 *pp.* $2.50.

Reviewed by ALFRED KREYMBORG

THE POETRY of Norman Macleod is not for readers who yearn for an evening's escape from the turmoils of this age, but for tough-minded beings who seek some measure of truth in what they read. His work is in line with poets of the middle and younger generations who were torn from the roots of innocence and forced into personal and wordly dilemmas conditioned not by themselves but by men in high places whose leadership has degenerated and cast an uncertain shadow over mankind. In the midst of social, economic, and political conflicts, Macleod tries to maintain an individual view, only to find himself driven by internal conflicts reflecting the desperation of the children of Adam generally.

Some of his tensions have been solved through true poetry while others bulge or hang at loose ends and therefore do not complete themselves in intrinsic forms. A globe-trotter from childhood on, he came under the influence of Pound and Williams, followed by a course in the revolution of the word under Eugene Jolas's *transition.* Then he turned his energies toward editing advance guard magazines abroad and in teaching creative writing in a number of American colleges. His later poetry grew less and less revolutionary and more and more regional, yet the first person singular is still at the core of his style.

Norman Macleod has added impassioned intensity to the work of the early Imagists and discovered novel overtones in colloquial speech, as in "Short Order Over the Stand":

"I was so tired you could have had
Me for a nickel," the waitress said
Who was not dead to wonder or
strictly alive
Like the crisp bacon turning up its
toes
In the flat circumference of its iron
world.

Though wounds and disaster and death haunt his pages, there is a kind of Celtic ebullience or defiance throughout. While the poet's syntax is sometimes hard to unravel, his lines are bold and direct as a rule and his completely successful poems memorable. He has a good deal to say about creatures involved in poverty and hunger and brings about a startling conclusion in a poem called "Way."

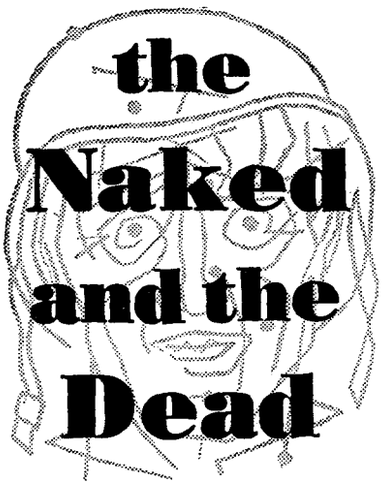
Fire flows through the forest
Like war, disaster consumes our past
And bone, trunk, brittle with envy
Hoist their last flag.

We trust the common denominator,
The green thrust, success
And hater, the man's close lip
Thinned over his teeth
And contemptuous eyelid.

In dust the old dead diminish,
Now the living seek their source
In death's finish

Though hunger stays
Blooming its black bourse.

*Alfred Kreymborg is a lecturer on modern poetry and drama, president of the Poetry Society of America, author of "Man and Shadow," "History of American Poetry," and "Two New Yorkers," among other books.*

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# Seeing Things

## FAIR EXCHANGE

HE HAD done it the year before with the spring of a clock. By wire from one room to another he had managed to transmit a twanging sound. Then on March 10, 1876 (oh, noteworthy date which our children often make regrettable), Alexander Graham Bell took the next step forward. Also by wire he at last succeeded in sending his own voice from one room to another. He was able to cajole his little contraption into conveying a single sentence.

The sentence was full of urgency and business, and as brief as all of us think other people's phone calls should be. "Mr. Watson, come here, I want you." That was all. No hellos, no goodbyes, no talk about the weather, no chitchat, no gossip—the perfect, if abandoned, model for all subsequent conversations transmitted by such means. But the telephone was here to stay, adding to the blessings of mankind and the problems of parents. If its coming has caused the world to shrink, it has also diminished the chances fathers and mothers might have of talking to their friends, once their young reach the age when they, too, discover the telephone.

It is we, the parents, who speed this discovery. For our vanity we pay heavily. Moreover, we deserve to. When they, the children, are what the garment-makers and the whimsy-manufacturers refer to as tiny tots (whose heads are as yet undersized for telephonic needs), we think it cute to lift them on our laps, to hold the receiver first to their ears, then to cup the mouthpiece to their lips, nudging them all the while into terrified talk with Granny or Grandpop, with Uncle P. or Cousin Joe.

We do this wreathed in smiles, but prodding arduously, prompting anxiously, on feast days or on anniversaries when long distance has annihilated geography. We do this when such epigrams as "Mewwy Chwistmas, Gwanny!" or "I'se fine. Is you?" travel a thousand miles, demanding the services of how many linemen, operators, and technicians Walter Gifford only knows. Little do we realize that, by having done this, we have undone ourselves.

In contemporary life the mastery of the telephone is a proof of the approach of age. Like the first tooth, the last diaper, and the formula no longer needed; like those great moments when rolling over is transformed into crawling and crawling into perilous steps; like those releasing days when shoelaces and neckties can at last be tied and handkerchiefs used with accuracy; like those genuine occasions when the scooter succeeds the velocipede and the bicycle ousts the scooter; when parents' freezing arms are replaced by waterwings and waterwings by breast strokes; or when playschool turns into dayschool, and short pants into long, the full uninhibited employment of the telephone comes as a milepost on the difficult path to growing up.

"He is very good at the telephone," we say of a seven-year-older, meaning that he can take messages with as much accuracy as the operator of a hotel switchboard. Although this may be true, all things considered it is the most niggardly of praise. The stubborn fact is, however, that the children we go to such pains to initiate soon take over.

At breakfast or after school hours and during the whole of their vacations when they are home, they cannot be pried away from the telephone. A receiver becomes their third ear; a mouthpiece, their extra lip. Where formerly they functioned as ventriloquists' dummies for our guiding whispers ("Say, 'How are you, Grandpop?'"; "Say, 'Thanks for the present'"; "Say, 'Love to Granny'"; "Say, 'I had a very nice time'"), they blossom suddenly into filibusterers. They could not talk with more relish, at greater length, about less on the phone if they were adults. Before you can say Alexander Graham Bell, they own the controlling stock in the household's installation.

Who can speak of other homes except by instinct, knowing that every family is, to a certain extent, all families? I know only that in my own apartment, where I happen to work as well as live, the telephone becomes for me increasingly an object tantalizing but untouchable. I want to use it. I need to do so. Sometimes I am even hopeful enough to imagine that other people may want to call me on business or personal matters. But I am losing the agility necessary to get there first and the strength required to tug the receiver away from hands which grow daily in power.

I used to think that among poetry's least attractive images is the one in the June-day passage in "The Vision of Sir Launfal" when "Heaven tries earth if it be in tune, / And over it softly her warm ear lays." Of late, however, that line has taken on a new meaning for me. Let my sons be near a telephone and they cannot resist over it softly their warm ears laying, apparently to discover if it be in tune. From the number of calls they receive I gather their friends are possessed of ears no less inquisitive.

MY YOUNGER boy, being seven, is not yet an habitual dialer. Even so, he has his fun with the telephone. It ranks high among his toys. Our mounting bills indicate that he has a train-dispatcher's interest in time. Not time as it remains stationary on his battered and unwound alarm clock. No, time as it is considerately vocalized by the Telephone Company for those without sundials or watches. He never tires of the voices, melodious or metallic, which merely by dialing ME 7-1212 can be provoked into announcing, "When you hear the signal," etc. What is far worse from the point of the family budget, he has long since learned that he can get the same results by trying HUSBAND or NERVOUS. Luckily, his interest in the weather has not as yet become as great as his interest in time, and WE 6-1212 has not taken its place among his private numbers.

He has his serious uses for the phone—birthday parties, motion-picture dates, and occasional, very abrupt conversations with his contemporaries. These consist mainly of "Yes," "No," "Why," "Sure," and "When." As a rule, in spite of all admonitions they end with the replaced receiver serving as a substitute for a more courtly "Goodbye."

With a sinking heart, of recent weeks I have noticed that his monosyllables are giving way to sentences of Jamesian length. This is an expensive sign. So is the rather secret official business which he has been conducting, evidently without fear of tapped wires. I have in mind the summoning of the gang he is at present organizing. I haven't meant to eavesdrop, but since the conversations have taken place in my study it has



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been hard for me not to do so. I gather from his excited tones that a classmate named Ralph, who lives ten blocks away, is the leader of the "foe." How many followers Ralph has, I have no way of guessing. For his sake and theirs I hope they are numerous, because I do know they are being opposed by a band which, as inventoried, consists of three spies, seven fighters, one first-aid man, seven inventors, and three generals, with my son serving as supreme commander. It's all a little confusing since seven members of this fearsome force are called John.

My eleven-year-old boy has, like his friends, reached years of greater communication on the telephone. They call each other incessantly at all hours on matters which, to them, are never trivial. Subjects as imperative as tomorrow's homework; who has mumps, measles, or appendicitis; who got what prize from what cereal; who listened to which radio program; who has read what comic; who has heard from Charlie Atlas; or how much fishing tackle or bicycle equipment has arrived from Sears-Roebuck — all these are topics of interminable interest which keep me and the wires burning.

Youngsters do not salute each other on the phone the way their elders do or, for that matter, the way their elders would like them to. I can't help shuddering when I hear my older son greet a friend with a curt, "Hello, whadda ya want?" Nothing more than that, though the friend may have nothing more unfriendly on his mind than to invite him for a week end or to a birthday party. I shudder with equal violence when, instead of mustering a "Thanks," he says, "Well, so long. I'm listening to Henry Morgan."

I surmise that, when no favorite programs are on the air, young boys deem it a point of honor not to hang up first. Manifestly, the telephone to them is just another form of the outstaring game. Even if one has weakened and said goodbye, both keep the receiver up to see which surrenders by hanging up first. This can be trying if, as an adult, you are waiting for an important long-distance call.

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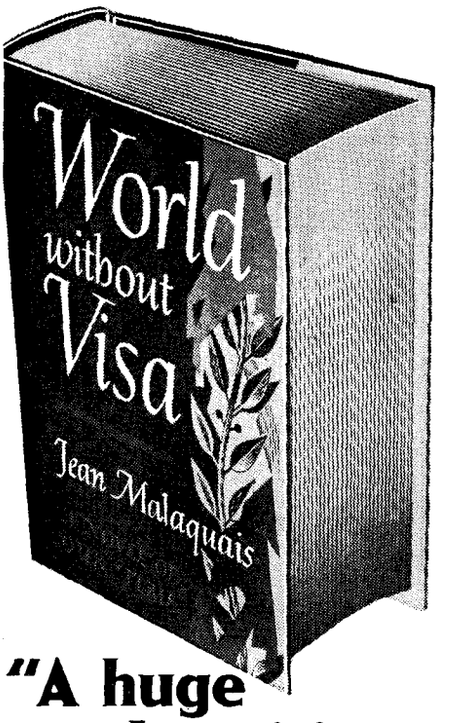


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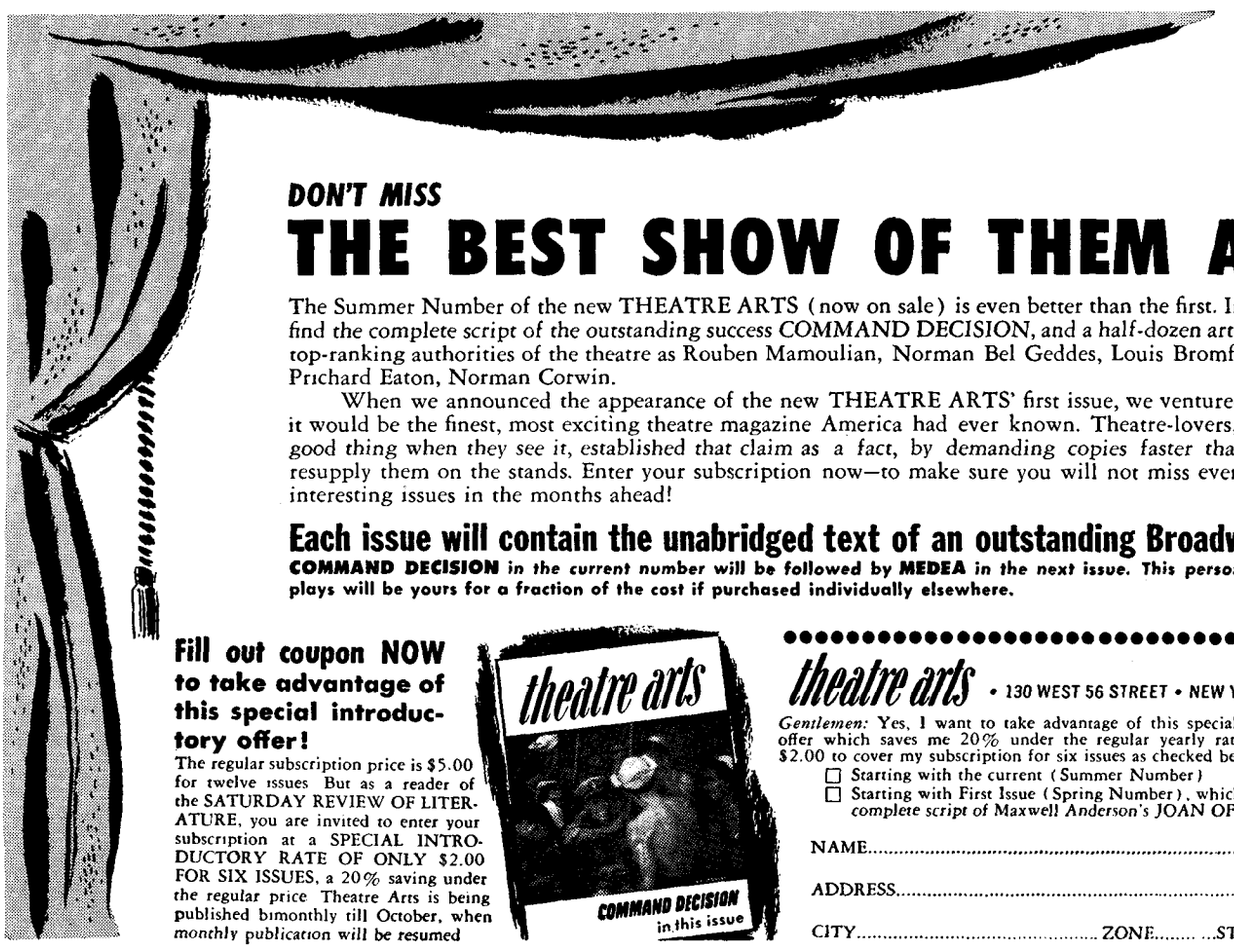

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tive of the water company calling to warn the lady of the house that an acute water shortage is expected and that she had better fill reserve buckets and put them in her bathtub. Or bothering some unsuspecting stranger to say that the department of sanitation is looking for him. Or falling back on the old, old gag and calling some unknown man to ask him if he smokes, in order to reply, "Isn't that funny? Many men smoke but Fu-Man-Chu." (Catch?) Or, more delectable still, telephoning Charlie's house, pretending to be Alfred, and asking Charlie please to come up at once; then ringing Alfred, using Charlie's name, and urging him to come right over. To the young, apparently, such antics are among life's foremost joys. They are jokes which never exhaust themselves. They only exhaust adults.

MY WIFE and I already sense that, so far as our telephone is concerned, we are fighting a losing battle. What we are now surviving are, of course, only preliminary skirmishes. Our telephone will not be entirely lost to us until, one inevitable afternoon, we hear one of our boys, in an unreliable voice, whisper "dearest" or "darling" into our phone.

We may regret it when our young have sprouted to the point where our telephones become theirs. But let any of us hear their voices when, from a friend's house, they are calling us at home, or we are long-distancing from a journey, and all is forgiven. No letters, however eloquent, can say what their young voices say merely by being heard. When they speak unprompted; when the talk is at last two-way; when the interchange of ideas and interests is genuine, then Bell becomes our hero, and all those bills sent in by his company dwindle into insignificance.

JOHN MASON BROWN.

## LITERARY I.Q. ANSWERS

1. Browning: "Incident of the French Camp." 2. Carroll: "Jabberwocky." 3. Coleridge: "Ancient Mariner." 4. D'Arcy: "The Face on the Floor." 5. Eugene Field: "Little Boy Blue." 6. James Fields: "Ballad of the Tempest." 7. Harte: "The Society upon the Stanislaus." 8. Holmes: "The Last Leaf." 9. Hood: "The Song of the Shirt." 10. Hunt: "The Glove and the Lions." 11. Jeffers: "Roan Stallion." 12. Keats: "The Eve of St. Agnes." 13. Longfellow: "Excelsior." 14. Moore: "A Visit from St. Nicholas." 15. Noyes: "The Highwayman." 16. Scott: "Lochinvar." 17. Service: "The Shooting of Dan McGrew." 18. Edward R. Sill: "The Fool's Prayer." 19. Tennyson: "The Lady of Shalott." 20. Rose H. Thorpe: "Curfew Must Not Ring Tonight."

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(Continued from page 13)

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## FICTION

(Continued from page 16)

Miss Robertson's first book, "St. Malachy's Court," was, I understand, a series of vignettes of Dublin slum children, and was very well received in Ireland because of its humor, realism, and sincere compassion. Miss Robertson would have been well advised to stick to this more static mode of character presentation.

# *Remembered Boyhood*

*MY UNCLE AND MISS ELIZABETH. By Robert Parrish. New York: The Beechhurst Press.* 1948. 221 *pp.* $2.75.

Reviewed by RICHARD B. GEHMAN

THE ARMS of Marcel Proust are long, and his hands are strangling more often than caressing. The Master has taken hold of Mr. Parrish's prose, squeezed it unmercifully, and left it spread out before us in a book so tedious as to be almost meaningless.

This becomes doubly regrettable when the subject matter of the book is examined. Mr. Parrish writes of his uncle, a strength - and - health fiend with an outlook that combines the worst characteristics of Bernarr Macfadden and, say, Thomas J. Watson, without the success of either. The uncle's relationships with his young nephew, the narrator, and with Mr. Farrer, the roomer, as well as with Mr. Farrer's paramour, a nebulous lady named Miss Elizabeth, and an equally vague professor, constitute the fabric of this series of weakly connected reminiscences. In the hands of one less committed, some of the incidents might have come out as comedy; as Mr. Parrish relates them, they become interesting only for their curious lack of vitality and freshness: it is difficult to see why he thought them worth the bother.

Mr. Parrish *is* committed to Proustian prose: to such an extent, in fact, that his writing at times reaches the level of unintentional parody. To Mr. Parrish's credit, however, it must be said that he has an eye ever on the lookout for the original image, and great sensitivity to color and to nature. But again his strange, twisted manner of expressing himself mars what pleasure his prose might evoke. Thus what set out to be a nostalgic record of a boy's memory of the Twenties and Thirties in Iowa and Illinois has become only a document of incredible confusion.

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FICTION

# The Full Life at 11

*IT'S ALL IN THE FAMILY. By Margaret Millar. New York: Random House.* 1948. 243 *pp.* $2.50.

Reviewed by PAMELA TAYLOR

IT IS hideous to be eleven years old. Priscilla found it so, definitely. You were neither little and therefore indulged, like her seven-year-old sister Becky, nor almost grown up and independent, like Paul, who was already shaving once a week. Adults frustrated you at every turn, were mysteriously hard-hearted, arbitrary.

Even so Priscilla managed to pack a good deal of personal satisfaction and excitement into her Saturday and Sunday, though grown-ups might have described it as "a quiet week end at home." There was quite a bit to be learned about love from Edna the hired girl, also a new word "bich," which Priscilla began using at once (meantime reminding herself that she must find out what it meant), and about life from Mr. Jones the tramp, one of the many to whom Mother's notoriously soft heart warmed (though she preferred to call them "vagabonds"). Then there was a call on Mrs. Abel, whose husband was a traveling man but who "had her consolations," Daddy said. Priscilla looked up consolations in the dictionary but it didn't help much. Anyway Mrs. Abel made wonderful orange cake.

Spare moments were devoted to Tests Priscilla thought up for herself —Will Power, Self-control, Character, and True Love, for instance. Sunday church was enlivened by Aunt Louise's ear trumpet, and Sunday afternoon by Cousin Lillybelle's spectacular mishap and by a call on Mr. Vogelsang, a neighbor surely in a class by himself, for when asked by Priscilla if he really pinched pennies he actually and obligingly did so, right then, for her to see.

Priscilla lived life to the full and as the adults in the family, Mother, Father, Grandfather, and Edna, were all leading quite satisfactory lives, too, the sum total was agreeable. This childhood of which Miss Millar writes, when Coolidge was President, Jackie Coogan the star of the Saturday morning children's movie program, and ten cents bought four ice cream cones, is delightfully nostalgic, not so much because of its period but because of the pleasantly relaxed relationship between old and young. It is agreed and accepted that they speak a different language; Priscilla quite equals by her condescension toward her elders' vagaries their lack of cooperation and intentionally cryptic remarks.

Miss Millar, who remembers how it was to be eleven, also knows what it is to be the grown-up side of the family. When Priscilla said, " 'I should be getting a gold star on the Frolic of the Frogs next week; then I won't have to play it any more.' 'Thank God,' said Grandpa and returned to his solitaire." All of the adults in Priscilla's family were nice, but Grandfather was really wonderful; he took a healthy, grain-of-salt attitude toward school reports, and kept a large supply of peppermint patties at hand.

This first venture of Miss Millar's away from her highly successful field of psychological thrillers is a lighthearted, thoroughly entertaining look back into the days when a family still seemed a moderately workable unit.

# Reunion at College

By Harriet Gray Blackwell

IT WAS disquieting, as such things are,
For twenty years cannot be quickly spanned,
And common ground was distant as a star
While differences were flames that time had fanned.
A grim, determined smile hung on her face
As she looked covertly around; life's stress
Had marked them all in its relentless pace,
And she went out engulfed in loneliness.

Then, suddenly, beside her on the stair
She met someone she never thought to see,
An eager, laughing girl with burnished hair . . .
The years whirled in reverse, and poignantly
As in the way Naomi talked to Ruth,
She held a brief reunion with her youth.

## TWENTY YEARS' TANGLE

(*Continued from page* 9)

phrases, particularly if they cock a snook at his enemies; his easy and beaming possession of the first requisite of manhood, courage; his rich solemnity, which shows him aware but not afraid of pain and death; his preposterous clothes, which are obviously the cast-offs of a hippopotamus. The very sight of him sends a crowd into sudden, tender, familiar laughter. Yet, as the polls show, the demagogues were right. The crowd is ambivalent towards Mr. Churchill. It loves him, it distrusts him, it fears him. Why? There is a hint at the answer to be found in what might seem a very unlikely quarter, in the second section of Beatrice Webb's autobiography, which has recently been published under the title of "Our Partnership" [*SRL* May 8]. Beatrice Webb was a brilliant member of the wealthy middle class thrown up by the industrial revolution, who came to maturity during the last decade of the nineteenth century and who died during the Second World War. Her book describes how she looked round at the dissolving society of her day, foresaw the rise of a new political party which would determine its program according to the interests of the enfranchised working class, and decided that that party should adopt the conception of government by administrators dedicated to the service of the collectivist ideal. She was immensely successful in realizing her ambition, and the intellectual section of the Labor Party, which supplied the British Government with its Prime Minister and most of the more conspicuous members of its Cabinet, is her child. "Our Partnership" is a solemn warning to those who believe that left-wing political movements must necessarily be an expression of love for the people. Love was not the animating principle of Beatrice Webb. She had a deep affection for her husband, Lord Passfield, but hardly even liked the rest of the world. Her instinctive hostility to the human race always flared up when she met a new and definite personality; and when she met Winston Churchill it erupted like a volcano. The relevant entry in her diary threw up flame and lava. Her impression of him was wholly mistaken. She alleged that there was "no notion of scientific research, philosophy, literature, or art" in the man who was to exploit scientific research as no other statesman has ever done before, to write not one book but many which make all serious writers regard him as their comrade, and to qualify as a sound



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painter in the academic tradition. Almost as much comical was her assertion that he was "without capacity for sustained and unexciting labor," for he has always been, in the most sedate periods of peace as in war, a superb administrator. But the temperature of the entry is very interesting indeed, for it shows that he falls into the category of people of whom she disapproved most vehemently, and we know from other entries in her journal who these people were. She disliked working-class Socialists quite considerably; there is a fairly blistering passage about an International Socialist Congress which "approached raving imbecility." But what she really hated were dukes and duchesses. She shuddered with hatred on every occasion when she was brought into contact with any of the old aristocracy who, on a foundation of landed property, had formed the governing class until the new industrialists like her father had arisen to divide power with them. She found them arrogant, apart from the title she would have admitted gave them a right to arrogance, for they were stupid. If she disliked Winston Churchill at sight, it is because she knew that he belonged to this class by birth, and assumed that he was a member of it by nature also. Forty-five years have passed since the first meeting of Winston Churchill and Beatrice Webb, but that suspicion still walks the earth, and is the prime cause of his unpopularity. So far as it survives on the Left it is due to the actual influence of Beatrice Webb, who bequeathed to the intellectual section of the Labor Party a disposition to class hatred far more vicious than is felt in the section which stems from the Trade Union movement. But it is also felt in the Right, because Earl Baldwin and Neville Chamberlain and many of their Tory followers came of the same class as Beatrice Webb, the class which felt abashed and nervous before the class which had had power longer than they had and had therefore learned to fear nobody and swagger and, it might be, push, and tie up all inhibitions in the family kennels.

THAT is why England has always kept Winston Churchill. Behind him they see the towers and parks of the great houses which were the nerve centers of the old order; in him they fear the insolence which was the occupational disease of those who lived in the great houses. They suspect that, given his head, he will ride down the common man. It is interesting to read "The Gathering Storm" with an eye on the evidence it offers for and against this charge. There is some support for it in his views on certain international matters. In his estimate of the factors operating at the end of the First World War which caused the Second World War he names "the complete break-up of the Austro-Hungarian Empire by the treaties of St. Germain and Trianon." He remarks, quite inaccurately, that "there is not one of the peoples or provinces that constituted the Empire of the Hapsburgs to whom gaining their independence has not brought the tortures which ancient poets and theologians have reserved for the damned." He should know that the treaties of St. Germain and Trianon did nothing to break up the Austro-Hungarian Empire, for the reason that it had already fallen to pieces. The First World War broke out because Vienna was a moral ruin, ostensibly dominated by the two warring courts of a senile Emperor and his neurotic heir, and actually the prey of an irresponsible military caste; and the peoples whose independence was recognized

by the Treaties were happier than they had ever been before, until those Treaties were annulled by the Second World War. He is wrong about the Irish Treaty Ports. He makes heavy weather because in 1938 Neville Chamberlain handed back to De Valera the rights Great Britain had enjoyed under the Irish Settlement to use as naval bases three ports in Eire, all of which could have been valuable fueling bases for destroyers hunting submarines in the Atlantic and protecting convoys. There is no doubt that Mr. Chamberlain was moved to cede them by a wholly imbecile confidence that there would be no second world war. Yet, even as a stopped clock tells the right time once in the day, so this foolish man's foolish decision coincided with what the highest wisdom would have seen as the proper course. For had we used the Irish Treaty Ports as naval bases, a number of Irish patriots, with nothing else to do and possessed by a serene confidence that Great Britain was in any case strong enough to be victorious and save them from an Irish invasion, would have sabotaged our enterprises with the utmost courage. This might have subjected us to serious losses and would have raised hostility to us among sentimentalists all over the world. Another issue on which Mr. Churchill raises our doubts is his opposition to Indian independence. He parted with Earl Baldwin over his policy of Devolution, which surely was another example of a stopped clock telling the right time. Earl Baldwin was the laziest of men and was inspired to his policy by nothing more than a yawning acquiescence in current talk of liberal ideas, but nevertheless it recognized the disequilibrium caused by the wholehearted resistance of the Indian people to the halfhearted occupation by the British people. In fact, in these instances he ignores the will of the peoples of the defunct Austro-Hungarian Empire, the Irish people, the Indian people, and the British people, and so proves that there are some grounds for the general suspicion of him.

BUT he has a fine record as a maker of democratic England in his various periods of office. Beatrice Webb took back all she said of him in a footnote which calls him "progressive and able." He was strongly sympathetic to Mrs. Webb in his attitude to social legislation, and often conferred with her. An entry in a later volume shows him staffing the Labor Exchanges he set up with young men whom she had recommended to him. He wanted to abolish poverty; and other inequalities too were his enemies, it seemed. There is a note in the Appendix to this volume which consists of extracts from his Admiralty minute book which shows him leaping to the defense of three candidates for naval commissions, who, after passing well on their written examinations, had been turned down on social grounds. No Labor Minister would have gone further. Yet, again, we are bound to remember when we read his contemptuous references to Mussolini that he was one of the first to hand orchids to the Duce, and very orchidaceous orchids they were. We find ourselves to the very end of the volume balancing this against that, making the sum come out odd, making it come out even. We sigh in astonishment at the fools who year in, year out, kept out of power the man to whom we British owe our lives. (For we do that. If he had not been with us in the summer of 1940 we would have run up and down and been destroyed.) But that is the story told in the first volume. There are more volumes yet to come. Did the stopped clock tell the right time then, too? Did the fools, with the clairvoyance which is sometimes given to compensate for foolishness, foresee Teheran, Yalta, Potsdam, indeed all the terrible matter that will have to be explained in subsequent volumes?



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# BOOKED for TRAVEL

## RUGBROD, SNAPS, AND HOW

THERE'S plenty to see in Scandinavia, but you'll probably spend most of your time eating. Besides the Swedish Angel, the Melancholy Dane, and Garbo, Scandinavia, as everybody knows, also gave the world *smörgasbord,* which is really a Swedish specialty. Used to be a Swedish restaurant would serve you any combination of a hundred different tidbits. Now, by law, restaurants may not serve one guest any more than three hors d'oeuvres at one sitting. A favorite is *rokt al,* smoked eel, and *gravlax,* a kind of marinated salmon. In summer the Swedes go in for *kraftor,* a local brand of crayfish. It is the law that no crayfish may be caught before the beginning of the two-month season at midnight every August 8. The ten-month abstinence makes the Swedish heart grow fonder for crayfish, and it is custom to organize *kraftor* parties at ten or eleven of a summer's evening, the lawn all decorated with colored paper lanterns. Besides a few morsels of toast and Swiss cheese, the only thing served at a crayfish party is crayfish, huge piles of them, washed down with *aquavit* and beer. Anywhere from twenty to forty *kraftor* is par for a party, and it is Swedish blasphemy to eat anything else. One jigger of *aquavit* equals one *snaps,* and you'll be as popular as Elsa Maxwell if you drink one *snaps* per crayfish.

If you can manage the thought of it, the Swedes are also partial to smoked reindeer meat, a purplish-black delicacy produced by the Lapps, nomad tribes living in the North country who were popularized by Cole Porter in an American musical comedy a number of years ago. There's nobody more versatile than a Swede when it comes to *stromming,* dwarf-size herring which can be served in a hundred different ways. In Norway the favorite dish is *laks med salat,* salmon, lettuce, and sour cream. The Danes go for open sandwiches, and Davidsen's restaurant in Copenhagen has a folding menu two yards long listing 183 different kinds. They are built on *franksbrod,* white bread, *sigtebrod,* rye bread, and *rugbrod,* pumpernickel.

*—Swedish Travel Information Bureau, Inc.*

**". . . twenty to forty *kraftor* is par for a party. . . ."**

In language, customs, and currency, there isn't a wide variance between Danes, Swedes, and Norwegians, a remark that will undoubtedly bring a flood of mail from the Danes, Swedes, and Norwegians. If, for example, one would say, "We had a good time," it would come out, "*Vi hadde roligt,*" in Swedish "*Vi havde det sjov,*" in Danish, and "*Vi hadde det morsomt*" in Norwegian. On the other hand, if a Norwegian should say, "*Vi hadde roligt,*" it would mean "We had a quiet time." All the Scandinavian countries deal in kroner. The Norwegian kroner is worth twenty cents, the Swedish, twenty-eight cents, the Danish twenty cents. A double room with bath in the Grand or Bristol in Oslo costs about $8 a day. The same accommodation in the Grand in Stockholm runs thirty or forty kroner, and the service charge in Sweden may run as high as thirty per cent. Bastad, a summer resort on the west coast, and Are, in the mountains, are much cheaper than big-city living. In a place whimsically known as Snackgardsbaden, which happens to be a cliffside resort on a Baltic island one hour's plane ride from Stockholm, you can get by on twenty-five kroner a day, American plan.

Besides regular ship service of the Swedish-American line, you can get to Scandinavia these days in sixteen hours via a DC-6, twenty-four hours in a DC-4. Scandinavian Airlines is flying more than a plane a day to Stockholm with alternate stopovers at either Oslo or Copenhagen. American has similar service with five flights a week, one of them stopping to pick up passengers in Boston.

Among passengers going to Norway, as an example, about one in three is returning for a visit to the homeland. The industrial revolution and the practice of willing the farm to the eldest son drove thousands of Norwegians to seek their fare elsewhere. The second, third, and fourth sons, without legacies, came to America. They and their offspring begat as many Norwegians as there are today in Norway.

While it will never outdraw Paris, Scandinavia this year will attract some 50,000 Americans. They will come to see Denmark's 500 islands and two million bicycles and four million people, one-quarter of whom live in Copenhagen. From the Frognsaetteren restaurant they will see all of Oslo and the fjords and the mountains in the distance. In Stock-

### *A Danish Declension*

**On the land**

There are hundreds of gay, queer, amusing towns where gay, queer, amusing people go around speaking twenty different kinds of Danish. There is a waterfall in Jutland. It is four feet high. There are rocks too—but these are all kept on the island of Bornholm.

**On the food**

We have occasional unfortunate lapses such as *Sodsuppe* which is a sweet soup made of fruit juice, and *Ollebrod* which is made of rye bread with beer in it. There are Danish specialties such as lobster and oysters for the rich; there are mussels and tripe for the eccentric.

**On the culture**

. . . there are still two thousand Danes who have never written a book or a play or painted a picture, but this figure is steadily diminishing.

**On sports**

Polo and bob-sleighing apart, one can pursue pretty nearly every kind of sport in Denmark. Quite often there is skating for about one week in the year. Golf is most decidedly not a national sport. The balls are too small, the holes too small, the implements inadequate, and the mere walking out of all proportion . . . from a Danish point of view. There is horse racing and trotting nearly all the year round in Copenhagen. Dog racing is totally unorganized and amateur, amounting only to casual affairs between stray dogs in the streets and roads.

—Mogens Lind in "We Danes."



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—Scandinavian Air Lines.

Fish market in Copenhagen—". . . when it comes to *stromming* nobody is more versatile than a Swede. . . ."

holm they will sip beer in the Gyldene Freden, an old roost of Hendrik Van Loon, that belongs to the Swedish Academy. They may shop in the famed Nordiska Kompaniet, visit the royal palace and the parliament in the old city, all crammed onto an island most of whose streets are too narrow for traffic. Up past the Arctic Circle, twenty hours by train from Stockholm, lies the land of the Midnight Sun. The plane fare to Stockholm and back runs to $768.80, but as well as I can determine it's about the only handy place where you can ski in a bathing suit at night and come home with a sunburn.

HORACE SUTTON.

## *Invaluable Baedeker*

*SO YOU'RE GOING TO SCANDINAVIA. By Clara E. Laughlin. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Co. 1948. 468 pp. $4.*

Reviewed by EGIL TRESSELT

ONE ENCOURAGING event in a world that is not quite certain whether it is facing more of hardships or a period of peaceful, normal living is the reappearance of travel books on the book market.

The late Clara E. Laughlin during twenty years of travel issued a series of "So You're Going. . . ." books. In 1937 her book on Scandinavia was published. This book now has been revised and reissued.

The publishers have taken pains to have the original text revised on all points where the Second World War and time itself, the rapid development in the transportation field, called for alterations. This has not however changed the character of Clara Laughlin's book.

No two persons who set out to travel, are looking for exactly the same sort of experiences. Yet it may be said that the Laughlin book in its more than 450 pages contains such a wealth of information, reflects such a marvelous capacity for digesting shrewd observations that it becomes invaluable to anyone leaving his home in search of traveling thrills.

It adds to the value of the book that the various official Scandinavian travel agencies have assumed responsibility for all the factual information. Brief forewords by Messrs. C. W. Hasselriis, Birger Nordholm, and Knut Olsen to the chapters on Denmark, Sweden, and Norway contain the only references to the happenings during the last war. They should be in the book, and should rightly take but little space.

*Prior to a recent assignment with Scandinavian Airlines, Egil Tresselt was UN correspondent for the Norsk Tele Grambyraa, the Norwegian press association.*

## *New Look at Travel*

*FIELDING'S NEW TRAVEL GUIDE TO EUROPE. By Temple Fielding. New York: William Sloane Assoc. 1948. 427 pp. $4.*

Reviewed by DONALD MCCULLOUGH

SOME sixty years ago my father came across the Atlantic. He had no passport or papers. When he landed at New York a genial gentleman came up and asked what he proposed to do in America and if he needed


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— *Dorothy Canfield Fisher*

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— *Sterling North, N. Y. Post*

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*Almost one hundred and fifty thousand copies* have already been purchased and the buying is still heavy — *over five years after publication.*

**An Essay on Morals**
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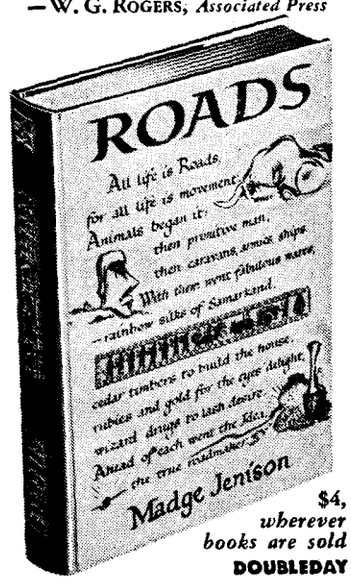
ROADS
All life is Roads
for all life is movement
Animals began it:
then primitive man,
then caravans, ships
With them were fabulous wares,
—rainbow silks of Samarkand,
cedar timbers to build the house,
rubies and gold for the eyes delight,
wizard drugs to lash desire.
Ahead of each were the Kings,
the true road-makers
Madge Jenison

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any help. My father explained that he had won a scholarship to Princeton and that he would be glad to know how to get there. The official said it would be a pleasure to tell him, hoped he would like America and wished him good luck. In those days it was as simple as that.

Today as I complete a 55,000-mile trip I realize how much things have changed for the new generation of travelers and how much there is to learn.

Temple Fielding's new guide is the last word in Baedekers and might be described as the New Look at Travel.

It is forceful and as up to the minute as any book can be in these days of continuous revolution. Advice on protection of luggage, getting rooms in advance, counting your change and keeping your documents in order are obviously based on first-hand, personal experience and will save readers weeks of alarm and despondency. He makes it clear that travel regulations have become so baffling that most people simply must be advised by experts.

Old travelers will find the book disturbing and possibly even shocking. But Fielding is so chivalrous in his appreciation of the gallant qualities of British womanhood, that I shall merely wish him better luck next time. The author approaches Europe at 10,000 feet, flying at 300 miles an hour—and includes Egypt and Ethiopia for good measure. He only deals with air travel. He offers no advice on museums or notable ruins. He gives shrewd counsel on the art of keeping alive and well in a hard world and he adds some incisive tips on the more commercial aspects of romance. But there are no rambles, no bicycle trips, no trains or steamers. It's all for air travelers and it's all important—an ultra-modern supplement in fact to the guides that mother used to take.

*Moderator of the BBC's "Brains Trust" program, and contributing editor of* Punch, *Donald McCulloch is just completing a round-the-world tour for the British Travel Association.*

# *Jelly-Roll Morton*

*(who brought jazz up the Mississippi)*

By Dan G. Hoffman

LATE at night, when it's soft an' still
An' you cain't hear nothin' but the whippoorwill
Or the splashin' of the paddles on the *Island Queen,*
Lissen to the river, Davenport to New Orleans—

Lissen to it now—you can hear it plain:
"Potato Head Blues," an' "Feelin' no Pain"
—I jest hears the river, ripplin' in the breeze.
—Man, that's Jelly-Roll, a-poundin' on the keys!

Now if you thinks music is importan',
The man for you is Jelly-Roll Morton!
Why, he hitched his bass to a riverboat's paddle,
An' when he rocked an' rolled, it'd pound an' rattle!

But his right hand was higher'n a steamboat's whistle,
Smooth as a ripple, an' sharper'n a thistle!
An' loud? Oh, Lawdy, you could hear him play
From Cairo down to Storeyville, all the way!

Now the boys in his band were full of the devil:
Their lungs was so strong they could blow down level
All the red lights on Rampart Street
When they hit Saint Louis playin' "Fidgety Feet"!

Tunes writ down was Jelly-Roll's pizen!
His boys took their pleasure in improvisin'.
Never heered 'em play anythin' straight,
But they could take a hunnerd choruses on "Sister Kate."

Well, that was in nineteen hunnerd an' seven.
Now Jelly-Roll's playin' eighty-eights in heaven
An' for his kind of music nobody cares
An' his band's broke up since twenty-five years,

But still some nights, when you walks by the river,
You hears things makes you shake an' shiver,
An' it ain't the wind, or the callin' of the whippers—
It's Jelly-Roll Morton an' his Red Hot Peppers!



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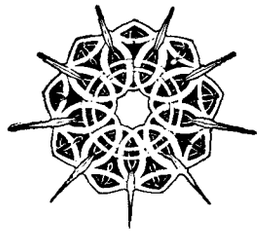
# The New Recordings

| COMPOSITION, PERFORMER, ALBUM NUMBER, NUMBER OF RECORDS | ENGINEERING | | PERFORMANCE AND CONTENT |
|---|---|---|---|
| | *Recording Technique* | *Surface* | |
| **MODERN FRENCH — A GROUP OF OUTSTANDING RECORDINGS** | | | |
| RAVEL, CONCERTO FOR THE LEFT HAND (1932). R. Casadesus, Philadelphia Orch. Ormandy. Columbia MX 288 (2) | Confusion of detail in this music relieved by wide-range highlights. Piano is only so-so, on tinny side. Balance good. | A | A dark, overburdened work, but has much appeal today. Expert playing by Casadesus of inherently muddy piano part. |
| RAVEL, PIANO CONCERTO (1932). Leonard Bernstein (pianist, conductor), Philharmonia Orch. of London. RCA Victor DV 15 (3 *pl.*) | An excellent recording, fine perspective, wide tonal range. Piano better, fuller than above. (European-recorded!) Excellent surface. | AA+ | Written same time as above; brighter, simpler, more varied. Early-jazz hints. Broad melodies, long piano solos. Fine pianism by Bernstein. |
| RAVEL, SONATA FOR VIOLIN AND CELLO (1922). Oscar Shumsky, vl. Bernard Greenhouse, cello. Concert Hall B-4 (2 *pl.*) *Subscription only* | Acoustics make this a bit shrill, peaks apt to be heavy; otherwise an excellent recording. Pizz. effects particularly good. | AA | Astonishingly full instrumentation—sounds like big quartet. Striking pizzicato effects, etc. Dissonant, insouciant, impressionist by turns. A first-rate work. |
| MILHAUD, SYMPHONY #1 (1939). Milhaud, Columbia Broadcasting Symph. Columbia MM 704 (4) | More liveness than in most recent Columbia recordings. Somewhat lacking in perspective, nearness. | A | Returns (?) to M.'s more dissonant early style, but rich counterpoint, heavy orchestration *à la* Romantic make it a somewhat anomalous work, unfocussed. |
| MILHAUD, SYMPHONIES FOR SMALL ORCH. (1, 2, 3, 5) (1917-22). Milhaud, Concert Hall Soc. Chamber Orch. Concert Hall B-11 (2 *pl.*) *Subscription only* | Most satisfactory recording, wide range but subdued, except for some trouble with high wind instruments blasting. Excellent balance. | AA | Shrill, saucy, nose-thumbing dissonance, piquant instrumentation, transparent. "Symphonies" in miniature, one record-side apiece. Authoritative performance. |
| POULENCE, PETITES VOIX. RCA Victor Chorale, Shaw. (Women's voices only) RCA Victor 10-1409 (1 10″) | Excellent recording of small group voices. | A to A— | Five delightful little *chansons* about children, beautifully written, ultra-French. This is best singing I've heard Shaw group do, most purely musical. |
| **HANDEL** | | | |
| HANDEL, HARP CONCERTO (Op. 4, #6). Granjany, RCA Victor Chamber Orch. Morel. RCA Victor DM 1201 (3) | Nicely bright recording of small string group. Harp is excellent—full, live, good volume level. | A to A— | (This is also known for harpsichord, organ.) Fine playing, good job except for inexcusable cadenza. Half of album is harp solo, arr. Granjany. Wasted space. |
| HANDEL, WATER MUSIC (ARR. HARTY); CONCERTO GROSSO #21 (#10) IN D MINOR. Chicago Symphony, Defauw. RCA Victor DM 1208 (4) | Big-hall sound (inappropriate); higher string tones raspy, distorted, to my ears (on wide range equipment). Not a very happy recording job. | A to A— | A logy, unimpressive performance of "Water Music"—Harty's old recording (CX 13) much superior musically. The concerto overplayed, in poor taste; grossly oversized orchestra. Busch's is decidedly preferable. |
| **BACH** | | | |
| BACH, PRELUDES & FUGUES IN C, A, A MINOR. Carl Weinrich, organist. Musicraft 80 (3) | Unlike "Praetorius" organ recordings, this has fine liveness. But some fuzziness, highish noise level. | B+ to B— | Apparently left over from prewar recording sessions. First-rate baroque-style playing, Westminster Choir chapel organ. |

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# the Phoenix Nest

## TRANSIT OF YOUTH

AS I RODE downtown in a long new bus,
Spring darkened, pouring rain on us.
Blurred was the pane, the jetting street
Innumerably twinkling feet
Of the dancing freshet made a tide.
In part you ride down Riverside
From up around Fort Washington.
I sat behind a mimic sun
Of curls of a girl no fate could crop,
In one of those hats with an open top,
More bronze than gold, convolved than sleek,
With a praisable nose and a smooth young cheek
As she peered through the glass in half despair
At thought of her "date" in Washington Square.

The blotted river no hope increased,
Nor the flooding streets, as our bus turned east.
This way she glanced, and then glanced that
With a glimmer of tears beneath her hat.

I have lived, I have loved, yet I will die
One of these days, and marvel why,
While the golden fire of life renewed
Rebuilds both hell and beatitude,
With age still bound by its old indenture
But youth all breathless for new adventure . . .

Through the towering city labyrinth,
Spring-scented, fresh as hyacinth,
In a fawn-colored suit-dress crisply pressed,
She rode, delighted and distressed,
On whom the sun must have always shone?
People got off and people got on.
We stopped, we jolted. Men sat down
By the hair in curls of golden brown
And the wildrose cheek. . . . As he shared the seat,
One asked her something about a street,
A swarthy fellow whose slicker dripped,
Whose hair was black, and whose eyes were tipped
To a faunlike gravity and mirth
Native to his Sicilian earth.
Would he pluck out pan-pipes somewhere hid
And play pursuit of a bassarid?
Just for a breath, in that dusk raindim,
I hated him and I envied him.

His corner came, and he was gone.
The doors soughed shut on my oil-skinned faun.
The rain still streamed in untimely night.
The girl was glancing left and right,
Her small mouth pursed in a sad presage.
I looked at her, and I felt my age.

From Fifty-Seventh to Patrick's steeple
The Avenue seemed swamped with people
Running or crowding under marquees
Or hopping puddles like awkward fleas.
The skies their bucketsful still released.
Then drizzle. Then mist that nearly ceased.
Then opalescence sparkled in air
By the green oasis of Madison Square.

The hyacinth crispened in her seat.
She was feeling better by Fourteenth Street,
For now it appeared that the freshet's fall
Might spare her costume after all;
Yes, even as though the sun might shine.
I left her. The next street was mine.
I prayed no adverse fate disturb
Her tryst, as I hopped from step to curb,
Pleased with myself that I still could hop
Properly off at the right bus-stop,
Wistful that still I could not resist
Acting the old sentimentalist!

W. R. B.

* * *

The following comes from Ralph W. Wescott, of Camden, N. J. Alas, I must print it too late for the May 31 meeting at which *SRL*'s Henry Seidel Canby was the principal guest speaker:

> Mark Van Doren says in his preface to the Viking (Pocket Book) of his selections of Whitman's poems and prose (1945) that Walt can now "make his own way." Agreeing with that, it is still true that among book readers (alas, how small a percentage of this earth's population they are!) there are still many who don't know Whitman and would probably make *their* ways better through these distracting days if they had hold of him.
>
> Believing this, I enclose our little history with the hope and plea that some notice of it appear on your *SRL* page early in May. Canby (who was teaching at Yale when my first undergrad effort to introduce Whitman there was printed in the May '05 *Lit)* is coming to our birthday party this year; will share the platform with Roy Helton and with J. Duncan Spaeth, emeritus of Princeton.
>
> The "little history" is Vol. I, No. I, of the *Walt Whitman Foundation Bulletin,* published periodically by the membership committee of the Foundation, at Walt Whitman's Home, 330 Mickle Street, Camden, N. J. *Verbum Sap!*

* * *

## DISTORTION

"Their persistent attempts to regiment writers and other artists are evidence of a profound, if somewhat distorted, love and respect."
—*The Nation.*

He held me by the shoulder and
Heartily smacked me with his hand.
He said, "Now please do not reject
My love, and O, my deep respect!"

He said, "You must admit that you
Do all the things you should not do.
I hit you merely for effect.
You have my love and deep respect."

I said, "Now I should like to go."
He said, "I'm sorry—but, O no.
Confess that you were incorrect,
And earn my love and deep respect!"

I said, "I thought that's what I had?"
He said, "But you've been very bad
And other weaker minds infect,
Although you have my deep respect."

At that I roused in every hackle
And cried to him, "O cut the cackle!"
That's why this jail shows my neglect
To treat his love with due respect.

* * *

## LITERARY LAMENT

In me the publishers can find
A man of bookish breeding;
For, candidly, I am the kind
Who wants to do his reading.

Reviewers do not have to spice
Their columns with elation—
A brief suggestion will suffice
To kindle inclination.

And authors find me wide awake
Enough for heavy writing,
However long their works they make,
However unexciting.

O I would read ten books a day,
And not a moment rue it.
Just show me any kind of way
To get the time to do it!

JACOB C. SOLOVAY.

* * *

WILLIAM ROSE BENÉT.



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*(Continued on page 40)*



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WANTED—summer work to eke out a teacher's salary. Typing, shorthand, personality of a sort, are my chief qualifications. Box 693-A.

VACATION JUNE/AUGUST 20 miles from N.Y.C. delightful country home own room, bath, Atlantic Beach, Cabana offered to senior college or post graduate male or female student, fond of athletics in exchange for companionship to two boys six and eight years, driver's license essential. References. Box 694-A.

WANTED—MIDTOWN N.Y.C. meeting place seating minimum 200 adjacent quality food, drink facilities. Guarantee $200 volume twice monthly with sustained trade exchange for storage organization records, etc. Would make this all-time headquarters. Our group will submit highest references. Box 695-A.

LADY PORTRAIT PAINTER, well known in Paris, would like to be guest in country home in exchange of portrait. Flower still-lifes or outdoor scenes. Box 676-A.

BUSINESS WOMAN, bored with job and city, seeks excuse to chuck both for summer. Offers excellent administrative, secretarial, editorial experience to resort hotel, camp, shop, or what-have-you in exchange living expenses or equivalent. Versatile, conscientious, willing. Any suggestion welcome. Box 697-A.

MUSICAL CHORES—"conversation piece" hostess apron. Plastic, printed with musical notes. Charming, practical. Fun to give, fun to wear. Perfect gift or prize. $1.25 each postpaid. Box 698-A.

JOB FLOUNDERING? Consult Helen Trimpe—Counselor, 342 Madison Ave., (44) N.Y.C. MUrray Hill 2-0253.

DAM THAT NOISE! Shut out those sleep-disturbing noises—radios, party going on upstairs, auto honking, and what not. Use "Flents Anti-Noise Ear Stopples." Jeepers—are they good for sleepers since 1927! Trial box 25¢. Flents Products Co., SR2, 103 Park Avenue, New York 17, N. Y.

REASONABLE RENT. Commodious cottage in cool spot on Maine Coast. All modern conveniences. Box 649-A.

UNSPECTACULAR GENTLEMAN, 30, saturated with Maupassant, proficient mentally and physically, nourished on adventure and chances, wants hard work—any kind, anytime, any place. Reason: rejection slips. Box 650-A.

ATTRACTIVE, MATURE, PROFESSIONAL WOMAN welcomes correspondents interested charm and full cultural living. Box 579-A.

FRANCONIA, N.H. Your own farm house well off main road—looking up to Cannon Mt.; small stream for children near house, completely equipped, 4 small double bed rooms, 2 baths, kitchen, dining room, living room, electric stove and ice box, oil-heat. Rates by week or month. Information write Miss John Chapman, Peaceful Valley Farm, Franconia, N. H.

LIKE MAPS? For Christmas order individualized map or picture desk box for spouse, lover, child or friend. Indicate area or motif. $2.50 each. Box 597-A.

HARVARD JUNIOR, 19, desires summer employment: companion, tutor, what-have-you? Box 598-A.

PROFESSIONAL WOMAN, amusing, literate, and legible would like letters from mature, articulate male. Box 599-A.

FOR RENT, July 6-August, Adirondacks cottage on five pine acres, brook. Sleeps five. Plumbing. Fifteen minutes from swimming. $300. D. W. Rogers, Lake Luzerne, N.Y.

ENERGETIC FEMALE, college senior, loves life. Interests: photography, art, people. Wants exciting summer work New York. Box 572-A.

UNIVERSITY HISTORY AND GOVERNMENT INSTRUCTOR, diversified talents, business experience, desires position providing sufficient leisure to permit completion of biography. Box 573-A.

WANTED: Young woman to spend summer on Vermont farm, with family consisting of painter, writer and composer. Board, room and cigarette money, for help with evening meal (less than 2 hours daily). Swim, hike, loaf, paint or write rest of time. Please send photo. Box 574-A.

# TRAVEL

ANNISQUAM remains unspoiled and beautiful. Annisquam Inn is a cozy, delightful inn on Cape Ann with a glorious view; private sandy beach. Sailing, fishing, summer theatres and artists' colonies nearby. From $45 weekly with meals. Gloucester, Mass. YOU'LL ENJOY SUDBURY INN on Lake Hotonis, Sudbury, Vermont. Write Bob Horton.

SADDLE RIDGE, NORWALK, CONN. Charming country estate for week-ends and vacations. One hour from New York. Spacious rooms, excellent food, restful informal atmosphere. Adults from $7 daily American plan. Norwalk 8-9353.

SHIPPAN POINT. Private residence. Two single rooms; bath. Writers, artists. 40 Berplank Avenue. Telephone 4-2310.

DIFFERENT FROM THE REST, come see for yourself. Accommodates 55. 29th season. Rates $12 a day, $70 a week. TED OHMER'S WESTERN VIEW FARM, New Milford, Conn. Tel.: New Milford 440.



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# PERSONALS

YOUNG BUSINESS WOMAN seeks part-time employment: cook, ballet and toe dancer, stenographer, companion, model, baby-sitter, etc. N.Y.C. Box 571-A.

WEDDING OF MEMBER OF SRL STAFF contingent upon obtaining two or three room apartment within commuting distance of or in Manhattan! Imperative reasonable rental! Box 575-A.

TWO YOUNG LADIES (ballerina and artist), diversified, invite correspondence from like-minded gentlemen. Box 570-A.

WRITER will be caretaker for use of weekenders' cottage, or consider variant offers. Box 576-A.

REFINED FRENCHMAN, Ph.D. University of Paris, 28, single, speaks 5 languages. Artistic temperament, references, excellent character seeks summer position as companion, secretary, tutor. Travel. Any suggestions? Box 577-A.

PROFESSIONAL WOMAN offers preliminary reading or proof-reading service from home or part-time. Vicinity N.Y.C. Box 578-A.

UNUSUAL ASSISTANT BUSY MOTHER! Professor's widow, middle-aged, excellent health, loves children, experienced, desires work with baby or young children. Box 580-A.

INTELLIGENT, well-bred woman, excellent appearance, personality, desires position in the East as hostess-secretary in gentleman's home. Highest references. Box 581-A.

FORMER PHYSICAL EDUCATION INSTRUCTOR, now married and an office manager, will care for your youngsters during the month of August. Location preferably on or near the Atlantic Seaboard. Excellent references. Box 582-A.

WOMAN who admires the stronger sex would enjoy corresponding with same. Box 583-A.

ENCHANTING ROSEGAY PINS, exquisite little ceramic flowers, made entirely by hand. Price, $3.00. Box 584-A.

MODERN, unconventional Adonis seeks carefree understanding correspondence. Venus with diversified interests. Box 585-A.

YOUNG FRENCHMAN, instructor, wishes to spend summer, preferably New England, exchanging tutoring for room and board. Box 586-A.

DRESS DESIGNER, original and imaginative, can provide valuable ideas. Box 587-A.

HOW TO RUN A GIFT SHOP: approved handbook 200 pages, $2.50, Branford, Inc., 6 Beacon Street, Boston, Mass.

COMMISSIONS in Western Europe accepted by college instructor this summer. Box 588-A.

NEUROTICA number 2 is ready. Contents: "The Psychopath In Our Society"; "Unique Mores of the Bar and Tavern Social Milieu"; plus poetry, fiction. $2. four issues; 50¢ copy. Neurotica, 4438½ Olive St., St. Louis, Mo.

YOUNG BOOKMAN, with infinite knowledge and growing family, seeks any suitable position in Southwest. Box 589-A.

YOUNG MAN, interests hiking, swimming, sports, invites correspondence from non-serious intellectual female. Box 590-A.

RECENT COLLEGE GRADUATE, female, will do anything within reason for good pay. Starting July 15. Box 591-A.

WILL GAL, fond of adventure write gentleman who craves excitement. Box 592-A.

YOUNG FEMALE, N.Y. teacher, artist, wants congenial company help drive across country, share expenses for summer. Box 593-A.

WILL TEACH FLOWER ARRANGEMENT to resort guests (adults or teen-agers) July and August. Prefer lake hotel or camp. Box 594-A.

COUNTRY HOMES FOR SALE: 7 acres on Delaware River, 75 miles N.Y.C.; 5 rooms; electricity, all modern conveniences; fireplace, $16,500. Box 595-A.

BOOK HANDBOOK, of vital interest to members of the Grolier Club. The authoritative quarterly for book collectors and connoisseurs brilliantly illustrated. $3.00 a year. British Publications, Inc., 150 East 35 St., N.Y.C. 16.

SPIRITED YOUNG INDUSTRIALIST of noble instincts and easy-going nature would correspond with gal of high standards who is at once refreshing, unsullied and attractive. Box 596-A.

SCIENCE WRITER needs assignments. Competent in medical and biological fields. Box 600-A.

SUPERB STUDIO APARTMENT, Greenwich Village N.Y.C., to sublet for next 18 months, possibly longer. Fireplace, skylight, completely furnished, Capehart. $250 per month. Telephone COlumbus 5-8383.

NEAR PLYMOUTH, New Hampshire; moderate rates, two rooms, three meals, bath private for group of three. References exchanged. Box 607-A.

PROFESSIONAL MAN seeks intriguing correspondence from metropolitan females. Box 610-A.

BROOKFIELD, CONN.—Superb bungalow. Hugh fireplace. Woods, pond, boat. Season $750. Geddes.

I GAVE UP Newspapers to finish novel now broke and what's worse I'm Negro. College, 35, male, single, good at publicity. Box 609-A.

FOR SALE: Highly unconventional, decorative rustic retreat on 2 mountain acres, Santa Barbara, Calif. Unfinished but completely livable 7-room house reminiscent of Provencal farmhouse, unusually charming, many possibilities. Beautiful ocean view, peace, quiet, seclusion. 2½ miles from town. A. Miller, 2090 Mountain Dr., Santa Barbara, Calif.

BIBLIOGRAPHY, LITERARY RESEARCH. E. M. Burrage, 6211 Arroyo Glen, Los Angeles 42, Calif.

SIMPLIFIED LIVING IN A COMPLEX AGE! Live better on less in west central Maine! Completely modernized farm fully equipped for year-round comfort; eight rooms, two bathrooms, fireplace, furnace, sheds, large barn. Fifty acres of fields and brook-watered woodland on paved and winter-plowed roads in outskirts of neighborly village. Stimulating climate, mountain scenery, good hunting and fishing. Suitable for writer, artist retirement, farming or just plain living. $6000 cash. Box 602-A.

WHAT WILL YOU OFFER (1798) The Complete Political Works of Robert Burns—James Currie, M.D.—(1857) "The Ladies Wreath-Parlor Annual" (1859), Harpers Monthly—(1841) Charles O'Malley—"The Irish Dragoon—Others. Box 603-A.

MASSEUR, desires companion position, good driver, travel here, abroad. Any offer considered. Box 604-A.

PROFESSIONAL GENTLEMAN, sense of humor, fond of travel, adventure, seeks exciting girl correspondent. Box 605-A.

BASHFUL GENTLEMAN, needs stimulating correspondence from interesting people. Box 606-A.

COMPLETE SET LIFE MAGAZINE. Good condition. $100. 1356 Humble Building, Houston, Texas.

ANYTHING CONSIDERED if profitable. Two college boys, no experience, few aptitudes, reasonable intelligence desire summer position. Box 611-A.

RESPONSIBLE YOUNG LADY, interested research position in History, or English. N.Y.C. Box 612-A.

VETERAN OF 6 YEARS REGULAR ARMY, admires Richard Aldington, is interested in Roman Law, seeks correspondence of not necessarily like-minded persons. Box 613-A.

WANTED: Librarian for new library. Pleasant working conditions. 40 hour week. Vacation. Experience not necessary. Salary, $2100-2300. Box 257-A.

3 EX-G.I.'s tired of college ways, city dwelling, cost of living, desires positions at a summer resort. Anything considered. Box 615-A.

TWO LONESOME SENORITAS, highly educated, desire to correspond with two refined, educated gentlemen. Box 616-A.

YOUNG, female, married, considered attractive, seeks interesting work in Metropolitan area, teaching or race relations. Has doctorate degree. Box 617-A.

COLLEGE MALE STUDENT offers chauffeuring, secretarial, tutoring, traveling companion. Summer. Box 618-A.

WANTED: An M.D. with war experience of malaria in Southwest Pacific. He must be 35-45 years old and live within New York metropolitan area. As editor of a proposed malaria quarterly he must be able to write informative, authoritative yet entertaining copy, also prepare abstracts of pertinent literature. While a part-time job the appointee will have charge of everything except circulation. Please submit recent publications. Box 619-A.

HOUSEKEEPER, lady, desires post as housekeeper to bachelor or widower, very capable manager, of house and servants, reply. Box 620-A.

GIRL—average, but long on understanding, wishes correspondence with males. Box 621-A.

TRAVEL BUG BITES GIRL. Year in Orient, graduate work political science University of California, intensify desire of excellent secretary for better than run-of-mill position. Prefer opportunity for travel, writing, learning, use of initiative and intellect. Box 622-A.

YOUNG WOMAN, recently deafened, welcomes correspondence from gentleman similarly afflicted. Box 623-A.

CHICAGO STUDENT-WRITER, veteran, diverse interests, good-looking, seeks accomplished, adventurous female. Box 626-A.

WHO WILL DISCUSS the good, the funny, the beautiful with unmaterialistic femme? Box 627-A.

BRIGHT, capable, reliable Soph. college student, desires summer employment, do anything. Box 628-A.

WELL-KNOWN NEWSPAPER FEATURE SYNDICATE sales executive starting own syndicate seeks editorial associate who can make substantial investment. Box 629-A.

PROFESSIONAL GENTLEMAN, who does not like letterwriting invites interesting correspondence from like-minded understanding females. Box 630-A.

MALE TEACHER, not yet ossified, interested in theatre, sports, books, good living, wishes correspondence with interesting, intelligent gal. Box 631-A.

TALENTED ADVENTUROUS, male invites correspondence from female interested in art, poetry, or sailing. Box 632-A.

SECRETARY-ASSISTANT, adaptable, capable of assuming responsibility, making decisions, poised and discreet, desires position which would entail travel. Box 633-A.

YOUNG, PERSONABLE, fun-loving creative writer, seeks correspondence with girl of his dreams, sweet, kind, sincere, wholesome, energetic. Box 634-A.

A VETERAN, whose soul is naked but not dead, seeks correspondence with people of similar substance. Box 635-A.

YOUNG SCIENTIST (male) in rut has two weeks, end July, for vacation. Any suggestions? Box 636-A.

WILL ANYBODY RENT HIS CAR for two July weeks to dependable writer experienced driver planning leisurely trip Atlantic coast for research. Credentials. Box 637-A.

YOUNG, PROFESSIONAL MAN, sense of humor, interested in the arts and significant living, invites feminine ideas via correspondence. Box 638-A.

WRITER, appreciating privacy herself, selling uniquely beautiful small house, 5 acres: prize view: 1 mile green, Washington, Conn. Box 639-A.

YOUNG MALE undergraduate interested in literature, Plato needs summer job. Anything. Box 640-A.

YOUNG LADY, volunteers as crew. Weekend sailboat races near N.Y.C. Experienced. Box 641-A.

GET AWAY FROM IT ALL and write that book. Enjoy Key West at its best and take advantage of low, off season rentals. Charming old house attractively furnished; large airy rooms. Two large bedrooms, each with twin beds, and bath upstairs—large living room, dining room, kitchen and extra room suitable for studio on first floor. $150 monthly. Box 406. Key West, Florida.

PSYCHOLOGIST, fond of the subtle, the simple, but especially the sensitive, invites feminine correspondence. Box 642-A.

SECRETARY (male) desires position as secretary or secretary-companion. Either Coast or travel. Efficient, intelligent. Thirty. Box 643-A.

GAL, extremely normal, attractive personality, who likes to toss ideas around and be at ease with a mature guy, invites correspondence. Box 644-A.

PROFESSIONAL YOUNG, intelligent, attractive woman seeks interesting supplementary work. N.Y.C. Co 7-9700, Ext. 485.

GIRL is trying to locate copy of "Presented in Leather." Box 645-A.

BUSY YOUNG EXECUTIVE, fun-loving but sincere, perfectionist, but otherwise a real all-round boy, wishes to correspond with young lady who combines looks with depth and charm. Box 647-A.

WOMAN loves write letters. Invites man's viewpoint on late books and interesting phase of everyday life. Box 648-A.



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# DOUBLE-CROSTIC NO. 743

Reg. U. S. Patent Office

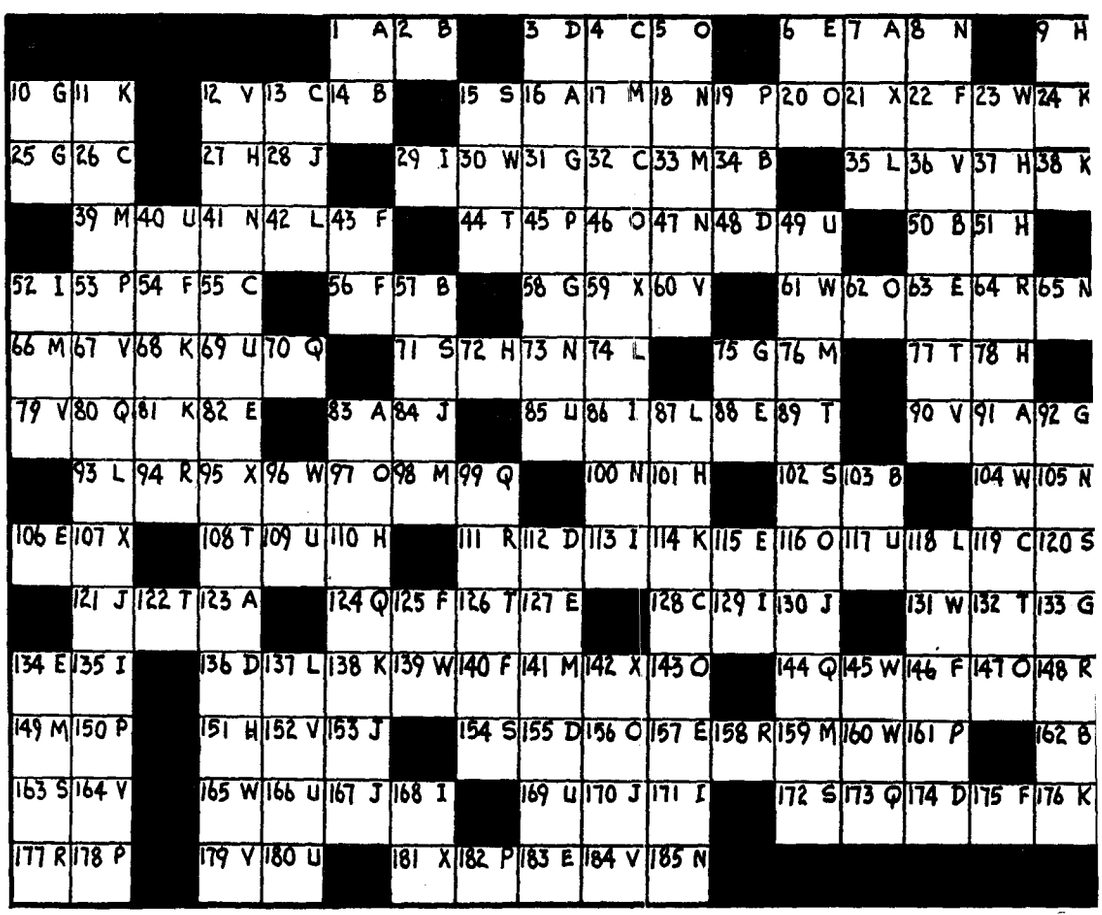
By Elizabeth S. Kingsley

| DEFINITIONS | WORDS |
|---|---|
| A. One of the largest islands of the world (in the East). | 1 7 91 123 83 16 |
| B. A snob; a toady (Anglo-Irish). | 34 50 103 57 14 2 162 |
| C. The common towhee of Eastern N.A. | 119 13 26 128 4 32 55 |
| D. Another name for the Arundel "marbles" in Oxford University. | 48 112 136 155 174 3 |
| E. Capital of the first state admitted to the Union after the original thirteen. | 106 183 6 82 63 134 88 157 127 115 |
| F. Name of the U.S. battleship on which Japan's surrender was signed, Sept. 2, 1945. | 175 56 22 140 54 146 43 125 |
| G. The killing of birds. | 58 133 31 25 75 92 10 |
| H. Currency "Act" establishing the Federal Reserve System (comp.). | 9 37 151 78 72 27 110 51 101 |
| I. City in Washington County, Maine. | 168 129 171 29 113 86 135 52 |
| J. The blueback salmon. | 167 84 153 28 170 130 121 |
| K. English poet born in Somersby, Eng. | 11 114 138 24 38 81 176 68 |
| L. Pseudonym of Ehrich Weiss, magician. | 93 35 87 74 42 118 137 |
| M. Numeral of the present Congress of the U. S. | 149 17 33 141 39 66 98 76 159 |
| N. Richness of suggestion, associations, connotations (used of language, thoughts, events, etc.). | 100 47 41 65 8 105 18 73 185 |
| O. A collective designation of the Southern states of the U. S. | 143 116 62 97 20 156 46 147 5 |
| P. Numbers or quantities other than the usual units in transactions (2 wds.; finance and commerce). | 53 150 161 45 182 19 178 |
| Q. Gave way, wavered; as a line of battle. | 144 70 80 124 173 99 |
| R. Invests; clothes; supplies. | 111 177 148 94 64 158 |
| S. Indians of a warlike Algonquian tribe once dominant in Connecticut. | 154 120 15 71 163 102 172 |
| T. Bound by obligation. | 77 44 126 122 108 132 89 |
| U. Choice; of rare quality. | 180 166 85 40 117 49 69 169 109 |
| V. American editor and "dean of radio commentators" (1878- ). | 184 90 60 12 67 36 79 179 164 152 |
| W. High-ranking American Army officer in World War II (1890- ). | 23 139 104 61 131 30 145 165 160 96 |
| X. Makes resistance. | 95 107 181 142 59 21 |

## DIRECTIONS

*To solve this puzzle you must guess twenty-odd words, the definitions of which are given in the column headed DEFINITIONS. The letters in each word to be guessed are numbered. These numbers appear under the dashes in the column headed WORDS. There is a dash for each letter in the required word. The key letters in the squares are for convenience, indicating to which word in the definitions each letter in the diagram belongs. When you have guessed a word, fill it in on the dashes; then write each letter in the correspondingly numbered square of the puzzle diagram. When the squares are all filled in you will find (by reading from left to right) a quotation from a famous author. Read up and down the letters mean nothing. The black squares indicate ends of words; words do not necessarily end at the right side of the diagram.*

*When the column headed WORDS is filled in, the initial letters spell the name of the author and the title of the piece from which the quotation has been taken. Authority for spelling and definitions is Webster's New International Dictionary (second edition).*




Solution of last week's Double-Crostic will be found on page 6 of this issue.



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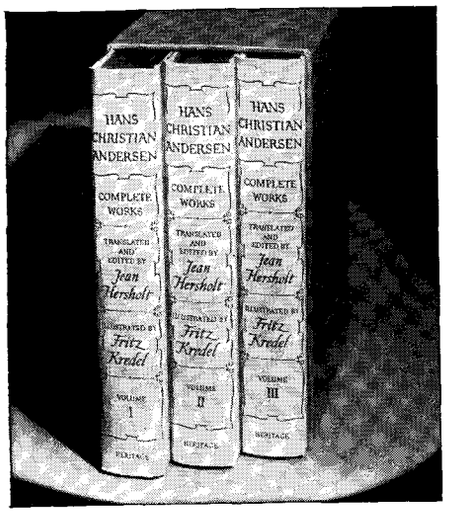


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TWO GREAT DANES have collaborated to produce this important and wonderful set of books. The first of these great Danes is Hans Christian Andersen, who devoted his life to the composition of 165 fabulous stories that have made him famous in every country on the globe. The other of these great Danes is Jean Hersholt, who lives in California and whose entire life has been fabulous. For he has not only starred in hundreds of movies since the year in which the movies were born, he is not only known to millions as the Dr. Christian of the radio—but he has built up during his lifetime the most complete collection of the works of Hans Christian Andersen which exists in the world

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You will obtain each of these beautiful, beautiful books at a cost of $3.65 each, or only $3.28 if you make your payment in advance. Yes, you will obtain each of these extraordinary books for less than you are now called upon to pay for many of the ordinary books of our time.

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*State*.....

SM1

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# Every now and then a publisher gets fooled!

IT WAS about a year ago that the editors at E. P. Dutton were making decisions about the Fall, 1947 books . . . decisions as to how many of each to print. There was one book that they liked very much . . . but they crossed their fingers when they said, "Let's print 5,000."

The author, Cleveland Amory, had never written a book before. He was only 29, and although he had done a number of clever pieces for the magazines, there was a great likelihood that no one in the book trade had ever heard of him.

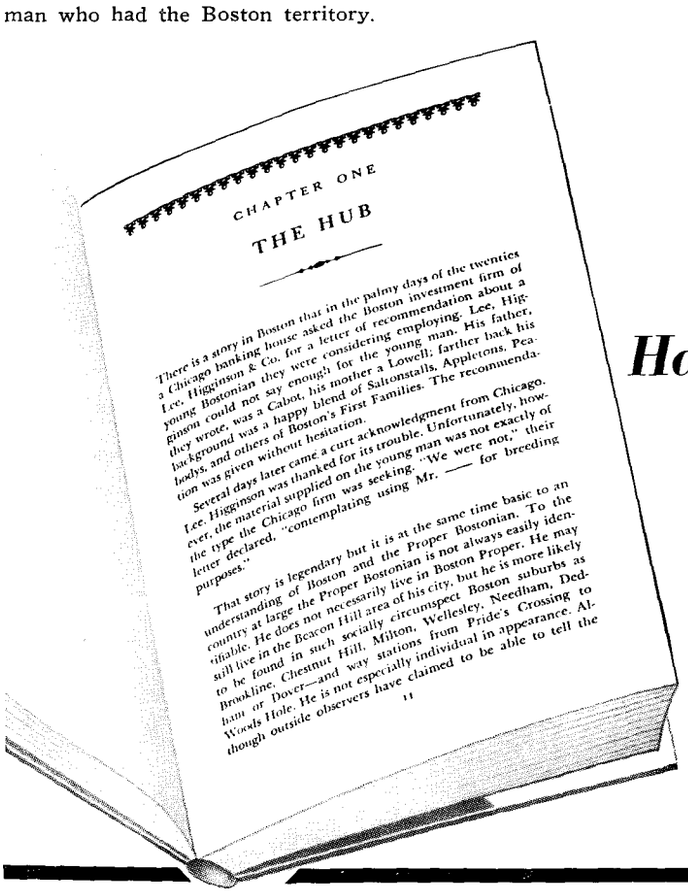
The book was to start a new series . . . a new series entitled "The Society in America Series." It would be lively and readable, but with none of the blood or passion of the then popular novels, and none of the chip-on-the-shoulder argumentative themes that cause controversy.

The price would be an uncompromising $4.50.

None of the big book-clubs were taking it.

The subject seemed to be of a purely localized interest. It was about Boston—the Boston of the Lowells and Cabots and the circle of which they are the central point.

So the first printing was ordered, and the salesmen started out to sell to the bookstores, with hope held solely by the man who had the Boston territory.


CHAPTER ONE

THE HUB

There is a story in Boston that in the palmy days of the twenties a Chicago banking house asked the Boston investment firm of Lee, Higginson & Co. for a letter of recommendation about a young Bostonian they were considering employing. Lee, Higginson could not say enough for the young man. His father, they wrote, was a Cabot, his mother a Lowell; farther back his background was a happy blend of Saltonstalls, Appletons, Peabodys, and others of Boston's First Families. The recommendation was given without hesitation.

Several days later came a curt acknowledgment from Chicago. Lee, Higginson was thanked for its trouble. Unfortunately, however, the material supplied on the young man was not exactly of the type the Chicago firm was seeking. "We were not," their letter declared, "contemplating using Mr. —— for breeding purposes."

That story is legendary but it is at the same time basic to an understanding of Boston and the Proper Bostonian. To the country at large the Proper Bostonian is not always easily identifiable. He does not necessarily live in Boston Proper. He may still live in the Beacon Hill area of his city, but he is more likely to be found in such socially circumspect Boston suburbs as Brookline, Chestnut Hill, Milton, Wellesley, Needham, Dedham or Dover—and way stations from Pride's Crossing to Woods Hole. He is not especially individual in appearance. Although outside observers have claimed to be able to tell the

Boston responded wonderfully, and a month before publication it was necessary to order a second printing. Then the orders began coming in from other parts of the country. Within two weeks of publication, two more printings were ordered, and the rush was on. THE PROPER BOSTONIANS was becoming a national favorite.

Seven printings were ordered before Christmas. But early in the new year it became evident that seasonal gift-buying wasn't the sole reason for its sale. Four additional printings have been made so far this year. It has been consistently on the national best seller lists for over seven months—a remarkable record!

Everywhere the critics and the public acclaimed the book. Palm Beach, Indianapolis, Los Angeles, New York . . . Youngstown, Worcester, Tucson, Savannah. Homesick ex-Bostonians wrote the author from all over the country. Scores of people sent in additional anecdotes they hoped would be included in later editions. The very phrase "Proper Bostonian" has become a part of the language and has appeared on the sports pages in discussions of the Braves.

A lot of people say that a book won't get big sales unless it has big book-club backing. Many people say that the book business is in the doldrums. Even editors and publishers sometimes allow themselves to be influenced by such thinking. That is why they crossed their fingers when they ordered 5,000 copies of Cleveland Amory's THE PROPER BOSTONIANS.

The truth of the matter is that a really good book, as gay and amusing as this one, is bound to win tens of thousands of friends, and they are going to tell others not to miss it.

*Have you treated yourself to*

# *The Proper* BOSTONIANS

*By CLEVELAND AMORY*

*At your bookseller's,* $4.50

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